THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXIV.—No. 1613

NOVEMBER 13, 1934

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

SPORT GOSSIP STAGE GOLF SOCIETY FILMS RACING FASHIONS

1/-

DINNER, DANCE and CABARET: A GOING-OUT GUIDE

"Their Native Heath": The R.A.C.

DEAF—YOU DON'T NEED EARS TO HEAR WITH "BONADENTE"—BONE CONDUCTION

Really Better Hearing for Church, Conversation, Home, Talkies, Meetings, Shopping, and street safety! **"BONADENTE"** is entirely different from all else and combines amplification with amazing true-to-tone results.

No matter what is the cause of your deafness—cases considered hopeless now benefiting (so-called 'Stone Deafness'). This is the complete answer to your needs whatever you have tried or are using. Even if the drums are perforated or removed, bone conduction means that you hear by bone-contact—no need to use your ears at all.

CALL, 'PHONE, WIRE OR WRITE FOR ***FREE TEST.***

Ask for "Medical Commendations."

R. H. DENT, 309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.

(Coloured Building and Square Clock.) *Mayfair* 1380/1718.

BOLS LIQUEURS

Made in Amsterdam since 1575:

KÜMMEL .. .. always with your coffee.
CURACAO .. .. an after lunch liqueur
BOLS BLANC .. . for your cocktail.
CHERRY BRANDY .. .warming.
CREME DE MENTHE.. aids digestion.
V.O. GENEVA (HOLLANDS) . . one glass a day.

BOLLINGER

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

CHAMPAGNE

1928 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

Introducing 1926 VINTAGE – as excellent as the 1923

Judge and enjoy 1926 Vintage

THE

WINTER SPORTS SPECIAL

TO SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA

NINE DAYS FROM £9. 9. 0
DEPARTURES FROM LONDON
DEC. 22nd, 28th AND JAN. 3rd

SPECIAL PROGRAMME FROM **DEAN AND DAWSON LTD**

81 PICCADILLY, W.1 'PHONE: GROS. 2873/6
AND BRANCHES

George Goulet
CHAMPAGNE
GG

Nothing else will keep you WELL so well—as a daily dose of

DINNEFORD'S

Pure Fluid Magnesia

Winter wears a pleasant smile at

TURNBERRY HOTEL

ON THE AYRSHIRE COAST

For winter golf Turnberry cannot be excelled—two magnificent courses and a mild, pleasant climate. Every luxury at the hotel—cuisine and service to suit the most fastidious; indoor swimming-pool; dancing. Splendid arrangements for Christmas and New Year.

Penny-a-mile "Summer Return Tickets." Express Services by L M S from all parts.

Special winter terms—from 21/- per day (Christmas and New Year period—from 25/-).

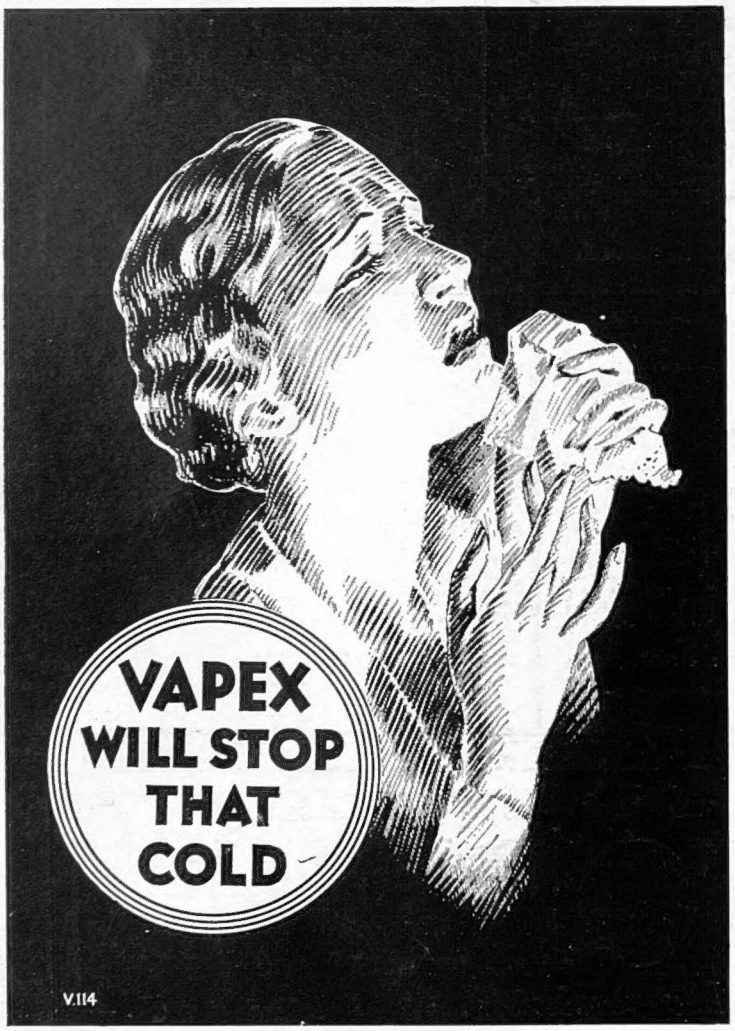
Arthur Towle, Controller, L M S Hotel Services.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfurstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to: PARIS Office: 65-67, Avenue des Champs Elysées *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.
BERLIN Office: Kurfürstendamm, 32 *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.



AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)
TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30.
Lew Leslie's BLACKBIRDS OF 1934
A HARLEM RHAPSODY.

HOTELS

LIVE IN THE SUNSHINE SHELTERED FROM WINTRY WINDS

Get away from the fogs, into this sunny spot. Laze in the long sun-lounge, watch the sea and relax, far away from worries—winter forgotten. Make your home at the Royal Victoria. Private suites or single rooms. Special menus. Hot and Cold water all rooms. Central and Electric heating. Garage. 4½ gns. weekly.

Historic ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
MARINA, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *Tel.: Hastings 869.*

CADOGAN HOTEL
SLOANE STREET LONDON

Private suites. Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Telephone in all rooms.

Telephone: Sloane 7141. *Telegrams: 'Nagodac, Knights, London.'*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BALEARIC ISLANDS.

Majorca.—Formentor Hotel.—Full pension from 15/- daily. The Honolulu of the Mediterranee. Patronized by Royalty.

Mallorca, English Guesthouse.—All sports. M. Scott, 90 Cuesta Bonanova, Palma, Baleares, España.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Le Zoute Knocke: The Golf Hotel—"Always Open." Inclusive winter terms 10/-.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Guernsey.—Moore's Queen's Hotel.—Fully licnsd., with H. & C. running water. Central. 3 Gns. to end of June. 4 Gns. summer. A.A.

Jersey.—Woodville Hotel.—Recently mod. H. & C. running water. Elec. light. Special after Season Terms now available. Res. prop.

FRANCE.

Paris. Bohy-Lafayette, nr. Opera. Sq. Montholon—Com. of de luxe hotl. lowest rates. Apply for illus. tariff to J. Bohy, Mng. Dir.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best Hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Hotel Miramar.—300 rooms all with bath. The Leading Hotel of the Riviera.

Juan-les-Pins.—"Les Ambassadeurs."—Open 1932; facing beach and casino. Every room with balcony, bath, 'phone.

Menton.—Hotel Royal & Westminster—on Sea Front with gdn. 1st cl. 100 yds. fr. New Casino. Quotations in sterl. on demand.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Monte Carlo.—Royal Hotel.—All comforts. Full South; garden overlooking sea; renowned cuisine. Pension from Frs. 55.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

Versailles.—"Le Home Versaillais," 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st class installation. Moderate terms.

ITALY.

Rome.—Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs.—Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comft. Very special reduced rates.

Rome.—Hotel Victoria.—Sunny location opp. Borghese Gardens. Remodernized 1931. Pension Lit. 38. Special rates for long stays.

Albissola Marina Savona—(Italian Riviera)—**Hotel Milano.**—Cen. heating. Run. water, warm & cold in all rms. Full wkly. Pens. £2.0.0

Capri.—Where Winter is Spring.—**Quisisana Grand Hotel.**—The Best on the Sea. G. Izzo, Managing Proprietor.

Lavagna—(Italian Riviera)—**Hotel Nazionale**—On the sea. Cen. heat. Cold and warm run. water in all rms. Good cuisine. Pens. Lire 20.

Rapallo-Genoa—Hotel Riviera Splendida—Pension-Restaurant, Open the whole year. Moderate terms. Possessor Cav. A. Bottinelli.

Sestri Levante (Italian Riviera).—**Hotel Nettuno.**—Extraordinary position on the Sea. All comforts. Pension, Lire 23.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond.—First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

Lausanne—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position. First-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £5 . 0 . 0.

Les Avants S/Montreux 3281 ft.—**Hotel de Jaman Bellevue**—1st cl. fam. hotl.; renvatd., run. water. Winter sports. Incl. terms fr. 12s.

The Bystander, November 13, 1934

The BYSTANDER

No. 1613. Vol. CXXIV

SIR ERIC GEDDES, THE CHAIRMAN OF IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

The policy of our national air transport company, which has been the subject of much comment during the past few weeks, is directed by Sir Eric Geddes. To speed or not to speed, that is the question! Sir Eric, who is seen holding a model of Imperial Airways' latest liner that cruises at 145 miles an hour, believes that "Trade follows the passenger far more than the mail." The Company provides services which are a model of comfort and reliability, and is in a strong financial position after its first decade of operation, facts which are familiar to readers of the "Bystander's" flying page, that has been continuously published for more than seven years

There was a large crowd of guests at St. Mark's, North Audley occasion of the wedding between Mr. Alec Hambro and Miss Baba wards attended the reception in Upper Brook Street, at the house of Reid, who was unfortunately ill. Above are a group of guests, read- Viscountess Castlerosse, Lord Berners, Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, and

The Hambro-Beaton Wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

A First Night at the Curzon Cinema *Swaebe*

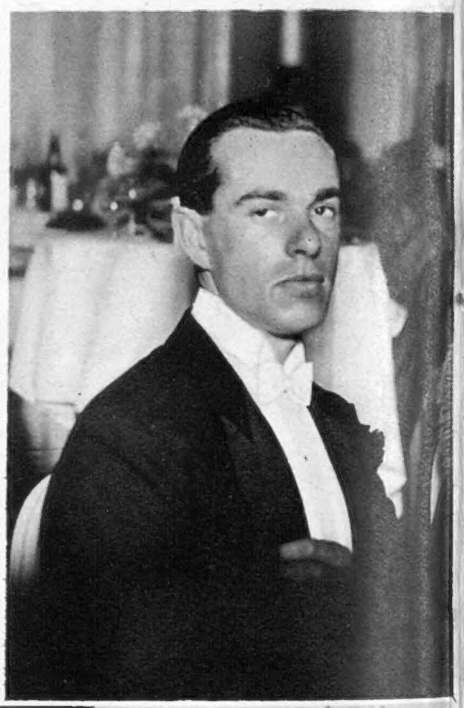
Above, left: Mr. Alec Hambro with his bride, Miss Baba Beaton, photographed at the reception after their wedding, held at Mrs. Cunningham-Reid's house in Upper Brook Street. With them are Miss Tess Chattock, a bridesmaid, and two attendants, E. Hambro and Michael Cunningham-Reid

Left: the Marquis de Casa Maury, who controls the destinies of the Curzon Cinema, and the Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montague at the première of "Caravan," given at this famous West End house

Below, left: the Countess of Bessborough with her son, Viscount Duncannon, and Lady Moyra Ponsonby at Waterloo Station before entraining for Southampton, en route for Canada, where her husband, Lord Bessborough, is Governor-General since 1931

Below: Prince and Princess Alexis Mdivani. The Princess, who, previous to her marriage, was Miss Barbara Hutton, was photographed at the Café de Paris

Swaebe



Publishers Entertain Authors

Street, on the Beaton, who after- Mrs. Cunningham- ing from l. to r.: Mr. Cecil Beaton

• NIGHT and DAY

A Wedding
A First Night
A Party
Dining Out

A party was given to authors by the House of Heinemann at the old house in Great Russell Street which once belonged to Topham Beauclerk, the friend of Dr. Johnson. Above, left, are Mr. Dwye Evans, a director of William Heinemann, Ltd., Miss Peggy Evans, and Mr. Seddon Evans. Top right are Lord Waleran and Miss Molly Bishop, whose work is well known to "Bystander" readers. Above: (l. to r.) Mr. David Stuart, Miss Kate O'Brien, author of "Without My Cloak," who has just returned from Spain, Mr. Munroe, and Mr. James Laver, of "Nymph Errant" fame

Swaebe

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Archie Black, née Miss Rosemary Villiers, caught by the camera at Grosvenor House

Below: Sir Gerard Fuller, Mrs. Forbes, Lady Fiona Fuller, and Mr. Forbes, a quartette of guests recently seen at the Café de Paris

Below, right: Mr. and Mrs. Francis Francis, two more guests photographed at the Café de Paris. Mrs. Francis Francis, when on the stage, previous to her marriage, appeared as Miss Sunny Jarman

Swaebe

Charity Film Faces

At the René Clair Première

(1) Lady Ann Villiers and Miss Nefertari Bethell sold buttonholes and programmes for the Shoreditch Infant Welfare Centre, in aid of which the première was held. (2) M. and Mme. René Clair, came over to London specially for the first showing of "Le Dernier Milliardaire." (3) The Hon. Eileen Brougham (back to camera) talking to Miss Rosemary Coke and Miss R. Wilson. (4) Roger Wethered and his sister, Joyce Wethered, arriving together. (5) Lady Anne Rhys and Miss Peggy Gordon Moore, who was at work with programmes. (6) Miss Jennifer Fry, another débutante of 1934 who was on charity duty at the Academy, talking to Lady Joan Colville

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 76

Lady Queensberry

Potted by Charles Gay

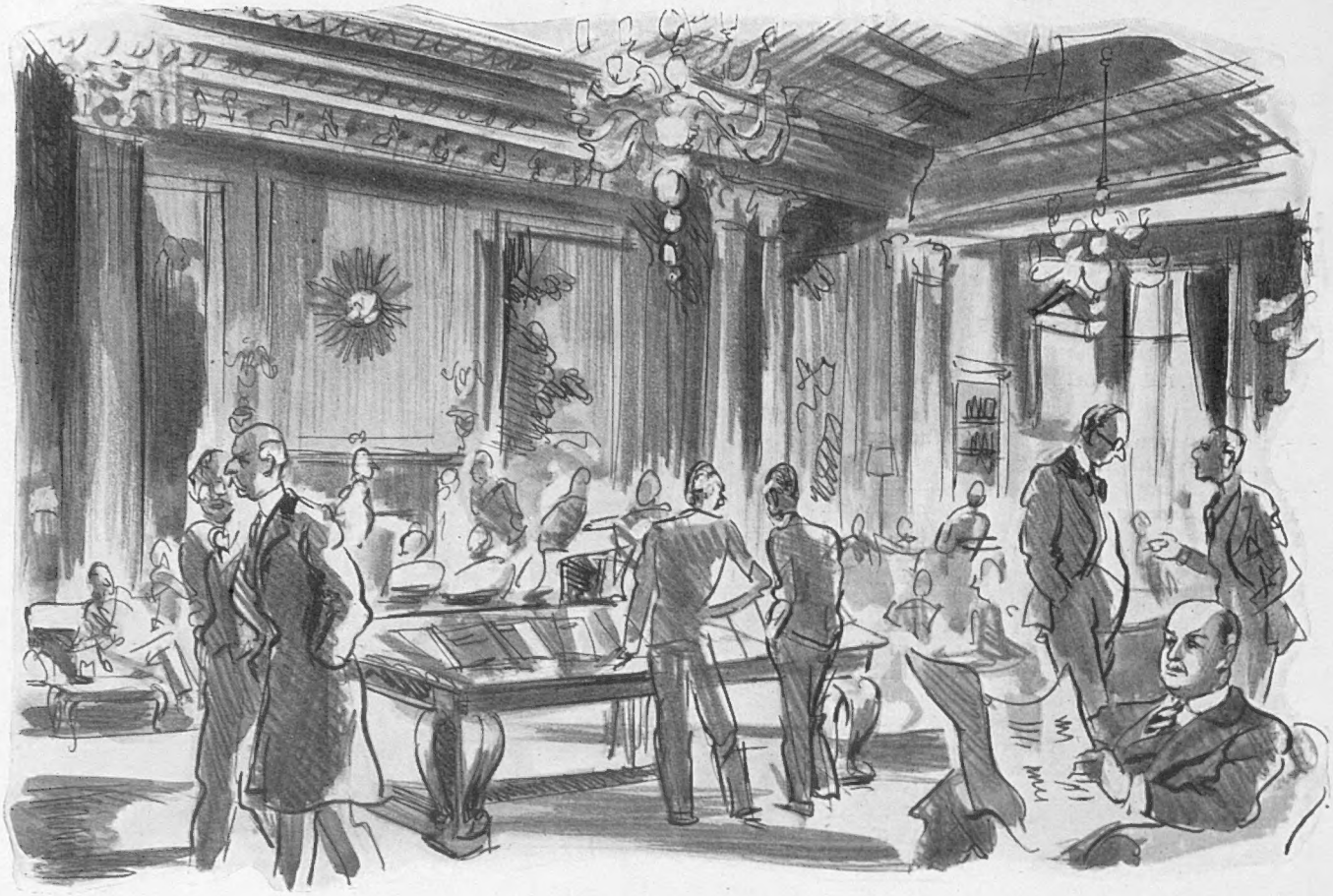
Caricatured by Sirra

BETWEEN you and me, I am rather scared of Lady Queensberry. She always gives me the impression that she has an acid tongue, however much it is under control. I am certain that if she wanted to she could paint with a venom only equalled by Hogarth. And yet she is notoriously patient with her sitters, and remarkably quick, too, seldom requiring more than two visits to complete a canvas. Brought up literally from birth in an atmosphere of paint-pots (her father is Harrington Mann), it is not surprising that at the tender age of twelve she wrote a very complete treatise on the Italian Masters, which she still keeps by her. At her finishing school in Paris she went regularly to La Petite Chaumière (not the night club), and 1914 found her sitting at the feet of Professor Tonks, at the Slade.

But she is a restless person if ever there was one, and for the four years of the war she was driving a car very quickly for the Royal Flying Corps. In 1918 she had her first studio, her first professional sitter being Lord Inverclyde. Since that day she has been hung year after year in the Royal Academy. Other paintings of hers are permanently in the Luxembourg and the Glasgow Academy of Arts. Her sitters have included Prince George, Betty Sundmark, Lord Birkenhead, Sir John Squire, "Beachcomber," and her husband—while he was courting her. At the present moment she is doing Mrs. Victor Saville and her children. The two people she really wants to paint are Dolores Del Rio and Conrad Veidt. This interest in film personalities is not surprising. She has done all the costumes for Gaumont-British for *Chu Chin Chow*, *The Iron Duke*, *Evensong*, and *The Wandering Jew*. She has also designed four sets in *Streamline*.

She hates large house parties, dinner-parties, luncheon-parties, dogs, and music. She is a very bad golfer and a worse bridge player, classically trumping her husband's ace only last week. She adores travelling, Shakespeare's sonnets, and big-game shooting. She thinks of colours more in terms of quantity than quality. She only diets for the sake of her indigestion. She has dark hair and hazel eyes, and a great gift of friendship. She is intolerant of people who are at all stupid. She is a great fan of the Marx Brothers. She never relaxes for a moment.

Five years ago she took a studio in Montparnasse and studied all over again under André Lhote. Her son David is four, and Jane is nearly eight. Her most satisfactory sitters have been Phyllis de Janzé, Cunninghame Graham, and Rhoda (a professional model). She says she has no sense of humour, and is very unsocial, which lets me out. She never passes a beggar without giving him something. She is five feet two inches, but the more I think about her the more, as I say, she scares me.



The Smoking-room at the R.A.C., a most popular rendezvous, showing Colonel ("Crummy") Crompton, left, Sir Philip Stanley sitting on the right, and Mr. Fernau, standing behind

THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . .

Popular Rendezvous and their Patrons

No. 20. The Royal Automobile Club

By Charles Graves *Sketches by Molly Bishop*

THERE are fifteen thousand members of the Royal Automobile Club, of whom Quin, the head porter, knows over six thousand by face as well as by name. Doyen of the club is Colonel Crompton, now in his ninetieth year, who played squash rackets up to eighteen months ago, and is still chairman of the Squash Committee. He regards the Ministry of Transport as his own personal private department, and claims to have trained both the last two Ministers. Personally, I am always expecting to read that he has been run over, for he walks straight across Pall Mall, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and taking for granted that every driver in London knows him and will somehow avoid him.

"Crummy" is one of the surviving twenty-eight founder members who date back to 1897, when the club was in Whitehall Place and had not even yet moved to Piccadilly before it finally displaced the War Office in its present quarters in Pall Mall. These founder members have a dinner every year, and every year one or two fewer places have to be laid. Most of them, though, like Colonel Charles Jarrett, are still going strong.

THE primary quality of the R.A.C. is its completeness. It is the only club in England to have a post office of its own. It has the only skittle alley for miles. At its country club at Woodcote Park it has dart-boards and shove-halfpenny boards, in addition to two golf-courses, dozens of lawn tennis courts, and an open-air swimming-pool. In Pall Mall it has restaurants, grill-rooms, smoking-rooms, bars, an open-air terrace, where you can dine out of doors in the summer, billiards rooms, a rifle range, card-rooms, Turkish baths, squash courts, bedrooms, a swimming-pool, hairdressers, a gymnasium, an armoury, a concert hall, and a library. The only thing it lacks, as far as I know, is an underground railway station. Already it has a bookstall and a cigar store, so probably this will be the next development.

BUT no wonder the club is used so much. On an average, five thousand members and guests pass through the swing-doors every day, and about six thousand pounds' worth of cheques are cashed every week. The three most regular members are Major "Tiny" Barton, who is six feet seven, broad in

Commander Armstrong, Secretary of the R.A.C., and Lord Howe

The Lower Bar, showing Captain Wakelam, well known as a sporting commentator over the air, leaning against it, and Mr. "Tiny" Barton talking to him

proportion, and very popular, fond of highballs (for he is to do with Haig's); Noel Fernau, who is six feet five and always fond of a flutter; and Herman Aron, who is to do with motor accessories. Almost equally regular in their attendance are Mr. Condy, a small, pink-cheeked, cheerful little man, who can neither speak nor hear, but is an adept at lip-reading, and Tommy Usher, who has the curious distinction of possessing the longest eyelids in London. Every morning, when he is in London, Bernard Shaw marches down to the swimming-pool and does five lengths of the bath before breakfast, leaving at about 8.30 a.m.

SEVERAL noble earls belong to the club, headed by my Lords Howe, Cottenham, and Brecknock. Also on one of the innumerable committees is Sir Algernon Guinness, the original performer on the big 200-h.p. Darracq. Bill Guinness was originally his mechanic. His namesake is small, with a small moustache and hundreds of small wrinkles. That sad-faced fellow, the Marquis del Moral, who married Jeanne Stourton's sister, is the leading light among the fencing members. He used to be Count Bernodono.

Colonel Bassett, who plays every day at luncheon time, is back-marker of the squash players, unless one includes Amr Bey, who is the back-marker wherever he goes. It is "Oke" Johnson, though, the lanky pro. at the R.A.C., who is entirely responsible for Amr's spectacular rise, having coached him from the earliest stages. I don't know whether the Marquis Merry del Val is still a member, but I remember well how, on Thursday mornings, he used to come down and play for twenty minutes some years ago. I had never seen an Ambassador in an undervest and pants before. And how he used to declaim if there was ever the slightest draught in the changing-rooms! Next door to the latter is the quick-lunch counter, presided over by King, who can mentally tot up the price of your sausages and mash and beetroots and beer and lettuces faster than anyone I know. "Lucky" Dewar often lunched there, off sandwiches, before he married.

Teddy Wakelam, who does so many of the running commentaries on the air, is a very regular member in the lower smoking-room bar. He is probably the best "Rugger" player alive who never got his England cap, except, possibly, Ted Morrell. Ben Tuke, the old Irish International, may also be seen at this bar, if not obscured by "Tiny" Barton.

Stephen Walters is probably the best billiards player who uses the club a lot. But in the days when I used to try and pot the spot ball myself, Gale, Burnside, Eric Harvey, and Dr. Peart all struck me as being very good—particularly at snooker.

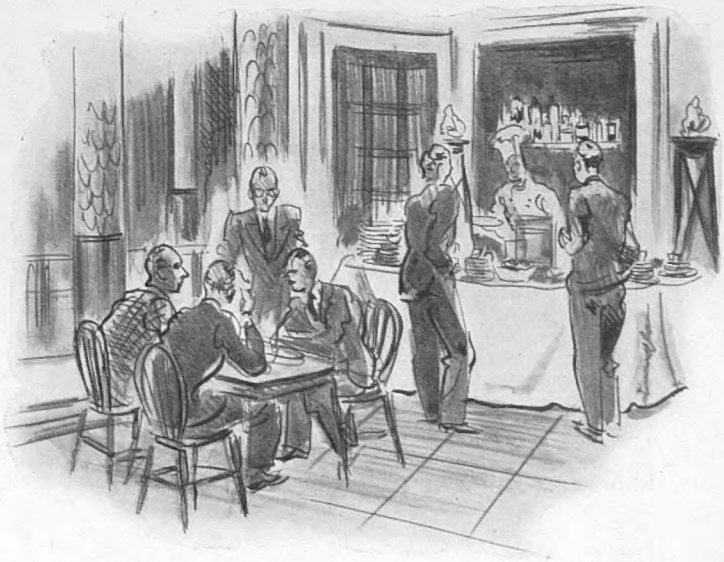
AMONG the golfers are Eileen Bennett's father, a large and very kindly stockbroker, and Colonel Myddleton, a nice, rather deaf man, who took his duties as Captain very seriously. Up in the library is Barber, the small, pale, sandy - moustached librarian, who knows more about travel books than anyone alive. King of the skittle alley is L. F. de Peyrecave, who knocks the whole lot down with unfailing regularity. Beverley Baxter, J. W. Robertson, and Douglas Stephenson, the new corset king, used to play there a good deal not so long ago. In the restaurant is the only spectacled waiter I know outside a chop-house. Mr. W. C. Crocker, who laid Leopold Harris by the heels, lunches there very regularly. So does Leslie Hore-Belisha, when he does not rely on an apple and a piece of cheese in his office. They tell me (without, doubtless, any real truth) that he cannot drive a motor-car. This is more than made up for, however, by the fact that the head of practically every motor-car firm is a member—Messrs. Singer, Bentley, Lanchester, and Riley, Lord Nuffield, and Sir Kenneth Crossley among them. By-the-bye, the club's first page-boy is now a director of Rolls-Royce. One also calls to mind among regulars that very doggy little man, Count Hollender, Dr. Maynard (with his little white imperial), Carl Aarvold (the big noise of Blackheath), Colonel Bersey (who brought in Commander Gar Wood the other day), and Sammy Davis (who defies time).

The only woman member the club ever had is dead—the Dowager Lady Dudley.

DURING the war every Overseas officer was made an honorary member. Alas! they drank all the best wines, and it took quite a time to turn the place back into a club from being a patriotic hostelry for all those years. To-day, the members have to be re-elected every year. The Secretary is Commander F. P. Armstrong, a former naval commander with a commanding manner, dark hair, horn spectacles, a tremendous eye for detail, and great charm.

OUT of the whole membership, there are only three club bores, and as they always sit in the most comfortable settees near the window in the spring and autumn; under the biggest umbrella on the terrace in the summer; and nearest the big fire in the winter, well, it is easy to avoid them.

I've said nothing of the marble busts in the great hall. Many people believe them to be likenesses of founder members. Actually, they are Septimius Severus, Caligula, Nero, Augustus, Otho, and Vitellius—almost as versatile a collection of heroes as the members themselves



The Snack Bar by the Swimming-pool

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Frank Fun and Stage Sentiment

"Lovers' Leap" (Vaudeville Theatre)

IT amuses me to remember that during the naughty 'nineties certain dramatic critics joined forces with serious students of the drama to hurl curses, both loud and deep, at the heads of the many actor-managers, and declare that they were a menace to the stage, for the reason that they neglected good work and only chose plays to fit themselves, and that—oh, well, there were lots of objections raised to them. Time passed, as it has a habit of doing; the race of Actor-Managers grew small by degrees and beautifully less, and they were superseded by the tribe of Gentlemen of Finance. It was only then that it was realised that, of the twain, the Actor-Manager was infinitely to be preferred.

This preference still holds good, and therefore I am delighted to welcome Owen Nares into the Actor-Managerial ranks, and to find him, in his initial venture at the Vaudeville, making an admirable choice with *Lovers' Leap*, by Philip Johnson, which I feel sure has become a winner from the word Go.

This is a comedy written solely to entertain. There is no deep psychology, but any amount of humorous observation, and the manner in which the author dexterously rings the changes on a quartette of amusing characters without ever letting the fun flag, until an unexpected dénouement brings down the final curtain, proves that Mr. Johnson who rivals Gertrude Jennings in popularity as a one-act playwright, is equally at home in writing a three-act play.

Owen Nares shows not only wisdom but unselfishness in staging this play, for there are not one, but four, principal parts, and that he is as good a light comedian as there is on the stage is proved by his acting of a husband who, having walked out on his wife seven years previously, and with no intention of returning permanently, plays the game "let's pretend to love each other" with his wife, whose sister thinks matrimonial bonds may be irksome.

The wife is Nora Swinburne, who gives an incisive performance, especially in the quarrel scenes; Ursula Jeans, as the sophisticated sister, is gloriously catty; and Walter Hudd, this lady's lover, shows cleverness in displaying a particular brand of stupidity and making it amusing—a feat which it is easy to bungle.

"Sweet Aloes" (Wyndham's Theatre)

THE identity of "Jay Mallory," author of *Sweet Aloes*, was revealed after the first night, and we learnt that this pseudonym concealed the identity of Joyce Carey, who contents herself by appearing in a small part in her own play. Even if the secret had been kept, I doubt whether anyone with a knowledge of the stage would have believed that a man had written *Sweet Aloes*, for touch after touch reveals the feminine hand, or that the author possessed no knowledge of the stage, for there is, throughout the evening, much of what makes effective theatre.

My objection to this play is that there is far too much theatre in it, and not enough life, for I find it hard to believe that any respectable peer would enter into a conspiracy with his son's mistress to pass off the offspring of this unfortunate affair as the legitimate child of his son's wife. I find it still harder to believe that the wife—even though debarred from having a child—would fall in with such an arrangement, which, incidentally, I believe to be a criminal offence.

Diana Wynyard really has but little chance of revealing her undoubted powers as the mistress, but she achieves the almost impossible by imparting verisimilitude to the character. Hartley Power, as the American she afterwards marries, gives a very pleasant performance, but Frank Allenby, as a "Charles, her friend," contrives, with the aid of author and producer, to make of him a peculiarly unpleasant cad. A clever character-sketch is given by Katherine Wilson as an osteopath.

VERNON WOODHOUSE

Sketches of "Lovers' Leap" by Rouson

Helen Storer (Nora Swinburne), the grass widow, has a biting retort when her long-lost husband (Owen Nares) loses his temper

Those perpetual fighters, Nora Swinburne and Owen Nares, stage a touching tableau for the benefit of Sarah Traille (Ursula Jeans) and Cedric Norreys (Walter Hudd), who are shivering on the brink of matrimony

Pen Lions

At Heinemann's Party In Great Russell Street

Left: John Van Druten, Mrs. Ivor Back, the wife of the well-known surgeon, and Auriol Lee. The last-named has just gone into management with Jack Buchanan, and is producing John Van Druten's new play, "Flowers of the Forest," at the Whitehall next week

Radclyffe Hall, Una, Lady Troubridge, and Alec Waugh were three of the guests at Heinemann's amusing evening party at their eighteenth-century house in Great Russell Street, which once belonged to Topham Beauclerk, friend of the great Dr. Johnson

Beatrice Tunstall, whose autumn novel was called "The Long Day Closes," talking to Charles Evans, Heinemann's clever and well-liked managing director

Denis Mackail, creator of "Greenery Street," and Lady Cynthia Asquith, an anthology by whom the house of Heinemann have just published

Pamela Frankau, who has a new book out, Pat Wallace, the late Edgar Wallace's daughter, Dr. Snow, a Cambridge professor, who has written a thriller called "Death Under Sails," H. S. Hoff, author of a first novel called "Trina," which has come out quite lately, and Frere Reeves, who is a director of Heinemann's

• FILMS of the DAY

Pageantry and Peasantry

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Below: Anna Sten and Fredric March in Rouben Mamoulian's production of Tolstoy's "Resurrection," now at the London Pavilion. Anna Sten, last seen in "Lady of the Boulevards," here does much more to justify the claims then made on her behalf as a brilliant new star

"The Last Gentleman"

George Arliss as Cabot Barr and Edna May Oliver as Augusta, his daughter, in "The Last Gentleman," the story of an eccentric old New Englander, which was filmed before he left Hollywood, and is now showing at Leicester Square

"We Live Again"

Two interesting pictures, made by two interesting directors, have for background the rural scene, one Hungarian and one Russian, and in both the romantic contact between peasantry and aristocracy is the basic theme. But here the resemblance ceases.

"Caravan"

DIRECTED by Erik Charell, in his most magnificent manner, this is a glorious romp—*The White Horse Inn* and *Congress Dances* added together and multiplied a thousand times, with more movement, more music, more people, more costumes, more glamorous incredibilities sustained by brilliant screencraft.

Hungary during the wine harvest; hordes of picturesque gipsies, on whose exciting music, according to Tokayan superstition, the merit of the vintage depends; deliciously arrayed villagers, for whom the gathering of the grapes is occasion for revelry, laughter and song; one of those superb castles, all banqueting-hall, staircase and moonlit terrace; a lovely young Countess, in the person of sweet Loretta Young, whose inheritance depends on instantaneous marriage; swarthy, handsome, convincing Charles Boyer, as the master-musician from among the gipsies, whom she weds, heedless of consequences, in order to defeat the machinations of a wicked uncle, and then the arrival of the handsome, debonair and dissolute young officer cousin. . . . Well, well, it is never too late to mend a broken romance in a musical comedy! Philips Holmes, more attractive-looking than ever in his "lootenant's" uniform, is well contrasted with Charles Boyer's Tziganic charm and holds his own against the accomplished and resonant French actor by revealing a flair for comedy and the lighter aspects of alcoholic amativeness.

Caravan is a breath-taking cinematic achievement, superlative in its own vein. One could almost find it in one's heart to regret the limitations of the perfectly proportioned little Curzon, where it has its European première, because the accommodation must be inadequate for the crowds who will want to see the picture.

"We Live Again"

IF you are interested in directorial contrast you will find it in *We Live Again*, Anna Sten's second American picture, made by Rouben Mamoulian, the most poetically-minded of directors. The opening sequence is devoted to the creation of atmosphere—springtime in rural Russia in 1875, rather in the Eisenstein manner: peasants at work in the fields, cattle drawing the plough, but with Mamoulian's own trees and sprays of blossom in the foreground, all idyllically photographed. *We Live Again* is another screen adaptation of Tolstoi's *Resurrection*. Anna Sten is the simple peasant girl, servant to two old Princesses, whose beauty and sweet character have interested them to the extent of giving her the privileges of a protégée. Fredric March is the handsome nephew, who spends his leave from military service trying to explain his idealistic views of equality for all to the simple maiden and succeeding only in awakening her love.

Anna Sten (actually a Russian peasant) is perfectly cast, and she succeeds in making the girl a creature of lovely purity and rapture.

Back in Moscow the young Prince is rapidly—too rapidly for the would-be realistic motif—seduced, mentally and morally, from his high-flown standards and returns only after two years to his aunts' estate for Easter Eve religious festivities, for one night only, during which he seduces the lovely innocent. The fact that their first kiss is in a greenhouse during a storm, the lovers among the flowers, while sheets of rain pour over the glass roof, and that the love-making in *Caravan* all takes place in brilliant moonlight, is symptomatic of the different spirit of the two pictures.

So far *We Live Again* is a perfect picture, and there are some splendid sequences in the second half, notably the prison scenes and the fine acting of Fredric March when he has to convey wordlessly, by facial expression and a minimum of gesture, the Prince's change of heart and determination to atone by renouncing his possessions and going into Siberian exile with the girl he wronged. During the court scene, Anna Sten shows subtlety in her depiction of the change seven years of prostitution have made in the girl, and she has fire and emotional intensity when she turns on the repentant Prince. But somehow the second half of the picture drags a little, and is less satisfying than the opening.

The Monseigneur

ANOTHER small, intimate and luxurious cinema theatre has opened its doors to a responsive public. The Monseigneur is to be devoted to News Reels and Cartoons, with a daily changing programme, and its charming lounge and reading- and writing-rooms provide "all the amenities of a club for the entrance charge of 1s."! Its opening programme included a selection of the best topical news reels and a new Silly Symphony. *The Grasshopper and the Ants* will surely have to be repeated, as Walt Disney fans like to see these delicious, indescribable trifles not once but again and again.

At a Beverly Hills Restaurant

Hollywood Parties

Private (Night) Life Of Some Shining Stars

Above: Warner Baxter, Gloria Swanson, and four English importations—Elizabeth Allan, Frank Lawton, and his fiancée, Evelyn Laye, and Herbert Marshall—at the new Café Trocadero in Beverly Hills, which is said to be the world's most expensive restaurant. Frank Lawton is playing David Copperfield in the film that 's being made in Hollywood

Right: Lupe Velez, who is now in England, Cary Grant with his arms round the neck of his wife, Virginia Cherrill, and Ketti Gallian, the French star, made an international quartette at Irving Netcher's house-warming party; he is Constance Talmadge's husband. The photograph was taken just before Cary Grant tried to poison himself after a quarrel with Virginia Cherrill. Ketti Gallian has been working in the Fox film "Marie Galante"

A House-Warming Party at Irving Netcher's

Round the Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Sir Percy and Lady Simmons

Above, left: Sir Percy and Lady Simmons were at Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Vaughan's party at the Ritz for the Gerald Reekies. Sir Percy Simmons was chairman of the L.C.C. in 1921-2, and has been chairman of innumerable committees dealing with London affairs

Lady Catherine Willoughby

Lady Catherine Willoughby was sketched at the Blue Train, wearing black velvet, with two diamond clips as contrast. She is Lord and Lady Ancaster's elder daughter, and a great "exerciser" — she hunts, shoots, plays polo, golf and tennis, and does them all well

Mrs. Frank D'Arcy

Mrs. Frank D'Arcy, who organised the programme-selling at the Ivory Cross Ball last week, was sketched at a Committee meeting at Lady Queensberry's house. She was wearing a chinchilla wrap, and a green velvet Cossack cap trimmed with caracul

Right: Mrs. Cowan Dobson was on the Committee of the United Services Ball, one of last week's charity events. Her husband, the well-known artist, gave free sittings for a charcoal portrait, which was raffled for the Ex-Services Welfare Society

Mrs. Cowan Dobson

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

STILL meditating on yet another unfruitful Irish Sweep, with its inevitable accompaniment of grinning prize-winners, each of whom was practically certain beforehand that the ticket was a lucky one, we consider the nicest contribution this year was that of the spiritualist gentleman in Battersea who had his ticket indicated to him psychically by Chow-Chow, "the leader of a band of six Zulus in the spirit world." If the ghostly adviser had only been Gladstone or the Queen of Sheba, our cup of happiness would have been full.

We doubt if a sort of mousy whimper from a few politicians who are determined (sic) to make a British National Lottery once more possible will ever come to anything. In the drabber Puritan underworld, there is still a considerable bloc of the godly (with votes) who think gambling is wicked—except, naturally, on the Stock Exchange or in the banking world, where (curiously enough) the Puritan is so powerful. It is interesting to reflect that the last British lottery was abolished merely because George IV. wanted to run one of his own. Even to-day—correct us if we 're wrong, if you don't mind risking a great bang on the ear—certain British lotteries are licensed by Act of Parliament—for example, those organised by "Art Unions"—and a prize-drawing is held not to be a lottery at all. Don't ask us why, for Heaven's sake.

The Old Dog Trouble

THE whole trouble with this and similar idiocies, if we may say so, is the old dog trouble diagnosed by Mr. J. M. Keynes, the economist, a little time ago. Mr. Keynes said despairingly to Mr. Baldwin: "I doubt if it will ever be possible to teach the British to think." A glance at the correspondence section of any daily paper is enough to demonstrate that, except for the specimens of authentic American thought collected so long and so devastatingly by Mr. Mencken in the *American Mercury*, there is hardly a thing in the world so richly woozy as the average contemporary British mind.

Portrait of a Yahoo

AT a dinner-party the other night we met an incredible Yahoo who coolly described a very noble Burgundy (which we were rolling round our tongue at the moment) as "alcoholic liquor." We will not conceal from you the name of this wine—it was a Clos Vougeot. Marching past the Clos Vougeot vineyards on the Côte d'Or at the head of his division, an eighteenth-century Duc d'Aumale, as you probably remember, ordered his troops to present arms in honour of that regal vintage. What a gesture! Worthy of the wine! Six centuries or so before that, the Cistercians had already made it famous as one of the great wines of the world, fit to be drunk by high princes and philosophers and the élite of mankind. To hear a crétin in thick, pebbly spectacles whiffling and cachinnating over a glass of water and defaming a priceless gift of God in this horrible wise, made us pale with fury and horror.

We reflected, as we contemplated the hideous Bloomsbury features, that the ignoble creature had once been a baby with beastly prehensile toes and a big, slobbery mouth—cherished, possibly, by his parents. The doctor, no doubt, had advised them to keep him. He grew up. He lived in Bloomsbury, among the wild women and the half-men. He lived to call Clos Vougeot "alcoholic liquor," and lives, for all we know, to this moment.

At least we realise now how truly the wittiest woman in America spoke when, asked where creatures of this sort go when they aren't at parties, she replied pensively: "I expect they crawl back into the woodwork."

While You Wait

THE Gerald du Maurier matinée next week, which will include one act of George du Maurier's *Trilby*, might be even more attractive if somebody were to recite as an epilogue some of the delicious nonsense limericks which George du Maurier used to turn out apparently without effort. This sort of thing—

Un vieux Duc, le meilleur des époux,
Demandait, en lui tâtant le pouls,
A sa vieille Duchesse,
Qu'un vieux catarrhe oppresse :
" Et ton thé, t'a-t-il ôté ta toux ? "

It isn't easy to do things like this, and we know only one poet to-day who can make up pretty good verse more or less on the spur of the moment; though we ourselves did once, under pressure, make up a blank verse line as good as anything Shakespeare ever wrote.

The idea (as we had to explain beforehand in prose) was that a king had just been informed by a messenger that his enemy had suddenly descended on his capital unawares, sacked it, looted it, burnt it, carried off his wife and his only daughter (a fate worse than death, so we said), rifled the treasury, and generally played merry hell with everything. The king, after a long silence, replied in exquisite blank verse—

Well, well, well, well, well,
well, well, well, well, *well!*

For this we got nothing but abuse.

"I think we're wasting time trying to teach the kid the ropes. Three swings and he's fast asleep"

"I was once engaged to a sailor . . ."

Then and Now

SKIMMING through a recent article seriously defending both Houses of Parliament—especially the Commons—against their detractors, we reflected on the march of Democracy.

The writer of this article was fearfully anxious to apologise for our M.P.s. He said, in effect, they weren't such bubbling half-wits as people suppose. He was rather anxious to make this point. He said they weren't so bad, the poor fish, everything considered. It reminded us of a passage in Boswell—we forget where, and we 're blowed if we 're going to look it up just to please you—where Boswell animadverts (yes, animadverts: take it or leave it) with severity on the scandalous immunity from punishment lately enjoyed by certain presumptuous scribblers who have dared to criticise respectable members of that august and high-minded body which directs the affairs of the nation. Or words to that effect.

Democracy (as it is often called) has marched on, and now somebody actually has to apologise to the populace for 'em, with a hey and a ho.

Sob Story

WE hear, with not much feeling either way, of a new idea on the part of actresses or débutantes—we forget which—of getting engaged on the spur of the moment to some figure in the public eye—somebody away exploring at the Pole, for instance, or 20,000 leagues under the sea—and sitting up all night in a London newspaper office, pale and distraught, for news of the loved one. One column, with studio photograph.

Throwing a judicious old eye over the whole procedure, we think a third element, like a little dog, or (if circumstances warrant it) a baby, to yearn over during the long wait would vastly improve the effect. ("'Dinty' seemed to know that something was wrong. His expression seemed to say, 'Don't cry, Foodles; the fairies are guarding oo's precious!'")

Another idea we had was for a distraught Press agent to rush in at intervals and faint, crying: "Courage!" Another idea we had was for somebody to take a great big bag of T.N.T. and blow the whole circus to blazes, saying quietly: "Darlings, this must end."

It 's all very well for the yearning heart in the limelight, but what about the poor, bronzed devil crouching at the Equator, or under the Atlantic, scared stiff of coming back, some friend perhaps having warned him of these surprising goings-on? Who knows how many brave fellows may be reported missing if this sort of thing continues?

The Golden Age

THE appearance of yet another of those dainty volumes in which Mr. Beverley Nichols, as Compton Mackenzie said, makes big goo-goo eyes at Nature, seems to indicate that the little urban friend of the flowers and birdies has plenty up his sleeve yet.

A friend who motored through Mr. Nichols's country the other day tells us that the commonest hedgerow flowers round about are getting self-conscious and beginning to pose and ogle and simper like ambitious "extras" trying to catch a director's eye at Elstree. Some day, they hope, when Mr. Nichols has had a bit of a tiff with his begonias, he may throw them a ravishing smile, or even blow them a dainty kiss. Meanwhile (our friend says), gnarled and aged rural characters crawl about, saying: "My dear, too grim!" and "What a rather petulant décor," and "Too, too desperate, my precious, that arrangement in glazeware over the fireplace. I mean, it simply doesn't 'state,' does it?" and so forth.

We asked him how the cows and things were bearing up. He said they go about tittering. He said they hang round Mr. Nichols's cottage like typists round a stage door, nudging each

"Come on, eat up your soup"

other and tittering. He said the local farm-hands trip about eyeing Nature roguishly from beneath their long, silky lashes. He said the Golden Age has returned, and all the village girls carve "Jonnathan Kapé" on trees, with interlaced hearts. We don't believe that part of it, because we frankly don't think any publisher can inspire love in village girls, even in Mr. Nichols's country.

Shepherds' Hey

INCIDENTALLY, we observe that the Forestry Commission is expecting to plant 15,000,000 trees in East Dorset within the next five years, thus transforming the rugged and gloomy heathlands of Hardy's Wessex into a nice big forest.

This will be a boon to the morbid rustics of Hardy's country, we think. Driven fatalistically by inexorable forces, the playthings of blind and ruthless Fate, they will soon be able to hang themselves by simply walking out of their back door, thus achieving their destiny with no cost to the State whatever. The next county the Forestry Commission ought to tackle is Shropshire. Any decent Shropshire Lad would jump at a similar opportunity for cheap yet spectacular suicide. We don't say this in any nasty spirit, but in a mood of cheerful content, rubbing our hands and smiling benevolently through our gold-rimmed spectacles, like the Brothers Cheeryble. It has always made us a bit miserable to witness the fearful, almost Russian, struggles with Fate going on in English villages under the eye of Hardy and Housman, and we are entirely sympathetic with any attempt to solve these rural worries as quickly and cheaply as possible.

Hearts and Old Iron Filings

JUST to fool the writing girls, a Harley Street surgeon the other day reported the case of a patient with a heart "so calcified that it had almost turned to stone." Before long, the doctors will discover somebody actually possessing a heart of pure gold, and then where will the cliché industry be?

We have always been rather fond of the metallurgical series. One of our favourite characters is the man with bronze hair and an iron jaw who emits a metallic laugh (un rire métallique), having a leaden heart but a will of steel. You meet him constantly in books by home-girls. In the flame of Love he generally melts, like the Tin Soldier in the fairy tale. It might be a lark if, by some rare process of hardening of bone or tissue, a hero like this were discovered with a real iron jaw. We don't know that we'd laugh ourselves sick, on second thoughts, but we'd certainly ring up one or two feverish literary girls we know and have a refined jape with them. Dear Heaven, that's what Life has brought us to. We might have been an Ambassador or an explorer or a film star or a Lord Mayor, and here we are thinking it fun to pull the legs of female novelists. And what legs!

THE BYSTANDERS.

"He just sits there and plays and plays, and forgets all about writing his book"

"Is this Wembley?"
"No, Thursday"
"So am I. Let's go and have one"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 5.—Miss E. M. Delafield

SOME women authors wallow in
A sea of sordid sex,
Capitalising purple sin
To write of moral wrecks—
Sub-human slugs who rave and mope
Till they've lost everything but dope.

But E. M. Delafield has got
No urge to write such tripe,
For though her humour's rich, it's not
The least bit over-ripe,
And all the subjects that she asks
Are trivial rounds and common tasks.

Those struggles with the housemaid which
Provincial ladies know,
That agonising dinner hitch
When cook decides she'll go
Are just the sort of things which fill
With grist her literary mill.

The Vicar's wife, the Governess
Whose native land is France,
The stodgy Husband who'll confess
He simply loathes to dance,
Like all the Villagers, provide
A field of humour rich and wide.

Long may those Diaries we know
A joyful bounty yield,
For it would be a bitter blow
To miss our Delafield,
Since, Cranford-like, in modern sense,
She writes with such Gaskelloquence!

B. W.

Bad Luck for the Fox

The Season is Well and Truly Opened

The Blankney Joint-Masters

Lord Londesborough and Miss Marigold Lubbock, joint-Masters this season, as they were last, at Blankney Park, Lincolnshire, where the opening meet took place

Above: Lady Anne Hope doing hostess for her mother, Lady Linlithgow, at the opening meet of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire at Hopetoun House; she is talking to Mr. George Usher, the Master

Below: Miss McCarthy, Sir Louis Greig and his daughter at Badwell Park, Essendon, Colonel Sir Francis Fremantle's place in Hertfordshire, where Major Smith-Bosanquet's had their first meet of the season

The Bosanquet Opening Meet

The South Atherstone Assemble at Newnham Paddox

Sir Stephen Bull, Mrs. Reginald Wright, and Mr. Reginald Wright and Lord Inchcape, the new joint-Masters. Mr. Wright had been sole Master since 1930

Major Hardy, of Dunstall Hall, Burton-on-Trent, and Miss Nancy Johnson, at Newnham Paddox, Lord Feilding's Warwickshire place, where the South Atherstone opening meet is always held

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

I WONDER how many of our readers are aware of the imminent approach of Advent? It was at evensong on Sunday that I realised we had reached the twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity, swiftly to be followed by Advent, which heralds for us, as do Messrs. Selfridge, Gamage, Harrod, and Marks (always assisted by Spenser), the coming of Christmas.

ONE of the week's events which must be recorded is the Beaton wedding; now that sister Baba has gone the way of most pretty girls, we have only brother Cecil to rely upon to follow in her footsteps. The Hambro-Beaton wedding one can describe as lyrical: the Smiley-Beaton wedding was epic. Luckily being able to find my invitation, for it had got stupidly misplaced among the theatre tickets, I was able to attend St. Mark's, North Audley Street, and regretted to note that there was conversation in the church prior to the bride's arrival. However, I can level no such accusation against Mrs. and Miss de Bec Turtle, Miss Aujard, or Corisande, who were among the guests.

Supper at the Blue Train

THE Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, having lent her house in Upper Brook Street for the reception, was unfortunately not well enough to attend it. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes had "a forage cap of grape purple felt, trimmed with numerous small shaded birds." However, they were not at all in the shade at that moment, for "the hat was perched rather rakishly on the right side of her head." Let us be thankful it was not on the wrong side. Lady Poulett shouted from a car a cheery "Hullo" to Lady Bridget and Lord Poulett as they walked with Lady Georgiana Curzon between the church and the reception. Tilly Losch looked demurely attractive in wine red, with gloves to match; red and white were the dominating colours of the wedding, except for brother Cecil's tie, which was a lovely lavender.

Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger

Left: Lord Jersey, Mrs. Antony Acton, and Lady Jersey were sketched at the Blue Train. Antony Acton was there too, but there wasn't room for him in the picture

Mrs. d'Erlanger (Edythe Baker that was) was photographed at Lady Queensberry's house, where she was staying on her return from Monte Carlo. She is looking more attractive than ever

Charity Conference

MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH was a regal figure: I read that "she has such an amusing dining-room, it must be a constant joy." Certainly, for those who are lucky enough to be on her dinner roster. Other guests were Lord Berners, Mrs. Syrie Maugham, hundreds of Hambros, looking very banker-y, Miss Eileen Brougham, and Mr. Johnny McMullin, who has well deserved his "without whom no party is complete."

Left: the Hon. Lady Ward talking to Lady Portarlington at a committee meeting for the "Iron Duke" Film Gala in aid of the Great Ormonde Street Children's Hospital on November 30th. Lady Portarlington was chairman, and a very excellent one. The meeting was at Dudley House, which belongs to the Wards

The United Services Ball

Mr. Anthony Weldon, Mrs. John Hallett, Mr. John de Forest, and Miss Irene Mann-Thompson eating their charity suppers together at last week's dance at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Ex-Services Welfare Society

Mrs. Nigel Gunnis and her husband went with Lord and Lady Brecknock to the Ivory Cross Ball, which was in aid of the National Dental Aid Fund

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

THE poor printers made an error last week: they spelt Mr. Odom's name Odone. Oh, dear! But let me tell you that they will make no such error when he returns to stay here shortly, for Mayfair will ring with the parties which he will give, under the ægis of such guides as Miss Olga Lynn, Mrs. Syrie Maugham, Mrs. Charles Cartwright, and Lady Colefax, with Mr. "Johnny" McMullin, of course, holding a watching brief in the background.

Two important film first nights did not provide us with very exciting pictures, at the Academy and Curzon respectively. But let us not be discouraging to the two chiefs of these houses, Captain Richard Pinto and the Marquis de Casa Maury, for they ordinarily provide us with very good fare. The René Clair film, at the Academy, was graced by the presence of the Princess Royal, and the proceeds given to the Shoreditch Infant Welfare Centre. Lady Carisbrooke was there, Mrs. Gordon Moore, Mrs. Drogo Montague, Lady Dashwood, and Alanova, who looked most decorative, with nun-like touches of white on her black dress. And our only Miss Olga Lynn, too, who has been invited to California by Mr. Odom (en auto et pas en noces) to see Princess Natalie Paley act in Hollywood. She was here last week, being advised by "god-father" Mr. John Sutro about the terms of her contract.

AFTERWARDS, at Quaglino's, could be seen Prince Dmitri, with an attractive woman whom someone had thought they had seen with the Aga Khan at the Embassy a week or two ago, and didn't know her name; Mrs. Charles Cartwright in a large party; Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli, attended by her famous sheepskin evening cloak, and a Lohengrin; and the cheerful smile of Sir Harry MacGowan, which is guaranteed to banish any gloom—not that there is ever any at Quaglino's.

PRINCE and Princess Kinsky were distinguished visitors to the Curzon's first night of *Caravan*; they have just been on a trip to America, and are returning to Austria for their shooting-parties—they provide one with game varying from bears to rabbits. Mr. Whitney Straight's presence showed that he had returned from North Africa, Miss Felicity Seddon was with him. Lady Gainsborough and Lady Carlisle were also there. Captain Frank Covell afterwards was in good dance-host form at the Carlton, where he organises the Tuesday cabarets. Lupe Velez is a frequent visitor and dances with Johnny Weismuller in a fashion which reminds me of "the ivy clinging to the old garden wall," as Ernie Mayne used to sing. Lupe (pronounce Loop) Velez is a high-spirited little soul, and there are probably times when husband Johnny must employ a method of "Loop-ing the Loop." Mrs. Harrison Williams was the most attractive woman in the room—she very much resembles Lady Furness.

CLARIDGE's has become a very fashionable place for luncheon, and the food is as good as any in London. The Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Deerhurst, Lady Cambridge, Lady Downshire, and Lady Margaret Bingham have been recent hostesses there. On Saturday and Sunday nights one finds Mayfairers very "cinema-minded." The Savoy Grill and the Apéritif seem to attract very many people, especially on these nights.

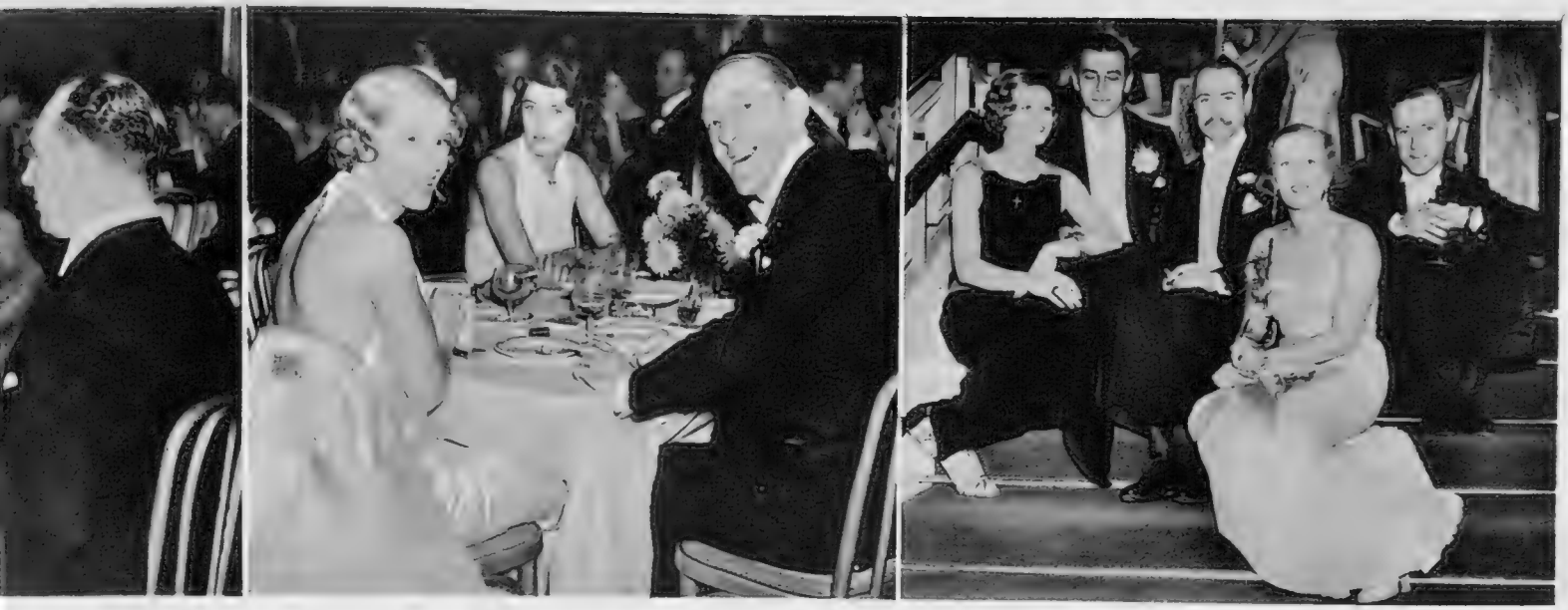
MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

AT a well-known dress show the other day, we saw Lady (Neville) Pearson taking a keen interest. The outfit she was wearing was displayed by a mannequin, and we really preferred the angle at which the hat was worn by said mannequin to the way Lady Pearson put it on. Lady Worthington-Evans was another spectator and so was Mrs. Geoffrey White, mother of Mr. Derek Studley Herbert, and mother-in-law to Lady Seafield. Mrs. St. George we noticed, and wondered whether she was there for her own benefit or on behalf of her lovely daughter, Mrs. Stanley Clarke. She could buy up any dressmaking establishment and not notice she 'd done it. Mrs. Julie Thomson, chic as ever, was also present on this occasion.

THERE have been various cocktail-parties going on lately (a good way of throwing out a hint that one is back in London). Mrs. Clive Pearson gave one the other day, and had oysters to satisfy her guests' hunger, by way of a change from the eternal sausage on a stick (and the stick is always a nuisance for the rest of the evening). Lady Wolmer, who also gave a cocktail-party recently, was equally original. She had hot chestnuts served up, and exceedingly popular they proved to be, too. Her party was given for her daughter, Miss Laura Palmer.

VARIOUS people have left us for abroad. Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall, with "my Priscilla," as Sir Archie always introduces his extremely attractive daughter, have gone to Australia and New Zealand. One of the many things Sir Archie intends to do out there is to collect various kinds of woods from the Dominions and Colonies, for the new building of the Royal Empire Society, of which he is chairman, in Northumberland Avenue. Lady Louis Mountbatten has also gone again, this time to Canada, to stay at Government House, Ottawa, with Lady Bessborough, who has travelled back with her. Then she will go to a ranch in California, and later possibly join Mrs. Arthur McGrath in Dutch Guiana. Lord Louis having gone to China for six months, she quite rightly thinks a bit of "globe-trotting" wouldn't do her any harm. Last year she flew to Rangoon. She 's not really particular as to what means of progression she takes, so long as she gets there in the end.



Another Charitable Occasion Last Week: the Ivory Cross Ball at Grosvenor House

Mrs. Percy Johnson and her husband had a big party at the Ball, which included the Hulberts; here are Mrs. Johnson and Jack Hulbert, looking very cheerful

Miss Peta Davis who helped to sell programmes, Lieut. Joring, Mr. Charles Andrews, Mr. J. B. Cliff, and Miss Diana Caldwell on the stairs at Grosvenor House

She 'd probably bicycle if needs must. How we shall miss her in this country.

THE Infants' Hospital Ball at Covent Garden was a roaring success, and so wonderfully organised that the Infants benefited considerably. A clear £6000 was apparently the result. Lady Carisbrooke, in black velvet, looked exceedingly handsome. She was in a box with her husband. Sir Gomer and Lady Berry had a large party, including Clare Lady Cowley, and Lady Cowdray and her son, Lord Cowdray. Mrs. Leslie Gamage wore silver, and white fox bordered her cape. Mrs. Mark Ostrer, in red velvet, was only one of a very active committee. Lady Ashfield had her daughter, Mrs. Edward Barford, with her. Lady Portarlington we saw and, of course, Lady Bridget Poulett with her brother.

THE United Services Ball at Grosvenor House was another success, chiefly due to the untiring efforts of its Chairman, Lady Cambridge, who, incidentally, had an enormous party at a long table right down one side of the floor. Ringside seats, in fact, for its occupants, who, amongst others, consisted of Lord Cambridge, who we so seldom see at such functions; Major and Mrs. Ivor Hedley, the latter in black; Sir Reginald and Lady Wingate; Sir John Maffey, tall and distinguished-looking; Sir Philip Gibbs, who didn't stay much after he had eaten his dinner; Lord Waleran; and Lord Fairhaven, who could have slipped home early quick enough, had he wished to, as his house practically adjoins Grosvenor House, but he showed no signs of wanting to leave until the last guest in the party had gone. Lady Alexander was, of course, present. A charity ball wouldn't be complete without her. The Gordon Moores had their daughter, in black, with them, and Lady Ann Rhys and her husband.

Lady Marguerite Strickland, looking very attractive and much thinner; Mrs. John Hallett, one of the few who really looked as if she was enjoying herself; Miss Mann-Thompson, who we always think is so like her to look at; and Mrs. Vernon Tate, statuesque in black velvet, were also to be seen, and scores of others whom we have no room to mention.

MRS. PEEPS

Scottish and Irish

Miss Jean Innes-Kerr came out last season, and was one of the best-looking of the year's débutantes; she is a cousin of the Duke of Roxburghe. With her is Lady Elisabeth Hare, Lord Listowel's younger sister, who is a year older than Miss Innes-Kerr

Last Week's Engagement

The Earl of Birkenhead and the Hon. Sheila Berry, Lord Camrose's second daughter, announced their engagement last week. Lord Birkenhead who succeeded to the title when "F. E." died in 1930, is nearly twenty-seven, and Miss Berry is twenty-one

A Racing Reverie:

The Sad Story of Cecil

By "Regular"

At Thirsk

Mr. J. M. Barwick, Joint-Master of the Bedale, and Mrs. Barwick at the Thirsk meeting, up in Yorkshire

The Cheltenham November Meeting

Miss P. Gibson-Watt and Colonel Ricardo were at Cheltenham the other day for the first of the season's steeplechase meetings there

Mr. Sam Bennet, the trainer, talking to Mrs. Dennis Furlong at Cheltenham. Her husband belongs to a very horse-knowledgeable family

IF you should hear of a conference of bookmakers going on in the respectable repose of a Kensington Sunday afternoon, don't get alarmed—it will only mean that Uncle Regular is entertaining a few pals.

IF, on entering the house, you find that Mrs. Vernet is in possession of the drawing-room, Jim Santry is playing billiards with Tommy Lane, while Mike is playing in the nursery, you must on no account doubt Uncle's ability to settle.

HANDS in pockets, Uncle Regular chatted nonchalantly about his debt. "During the past year," he said, "I have placed bets with practically no thought at all, though at the moment, I am forced to admit, I am thinking rather hard. Nevertheless, I can assure you that no one has any cause to worry." Later that evening, news came through that Jim Santry had cut the cloth, and Uncle is deducting his Cecil bets for the cost of repair. If only Mike would break Regular Minor's rocking-horse, we should be able to forget the Cambridgeshire.

THE usual back-end stories of ill-luck come pouring in to me. Of the trainer of many years' standing in the "tenner" line of business who ran amok and was soon up to his neck; of the darling who hadn't had a bet all the week but who couldn't bear not to pick up an "easy" hundred and so laid £600 to £100 on Cecil; and the noble lord who laid a couple of thousand to four hundred on the same horse.

THEN there was the wealthy couple who think nothing of buying anything from a box of chocolates to a battleship, but are, nevertheless, very careful bettors. Things weren't going too well, and sooner than have to send a cheque along on Monday, they laid £1200 to £200. Now, if that doesn't make you want to take your hair down and have a good cry, you have got no decent feelings left, and are the sort of people who would roar with laughter over your Tolstoi or Ibsen. Finally, there was the sad case of Uncle and the Mem—but a stern voice from the chair next the empty grate commands me to be a man and not bore my fellow creatures with my own sorrows, but to put on a clean collar and my best overcoat over my threadbare suit, and face the world like a man.

BEFORE I leave the sad story of Cecil, I would like to point out how particularly lucky was his defeat for the bookmakers. On the following day, a horse called Felicitation was running in the Jockey Club Cup, and this one was the cast-iron, fall-down-in-a-fit-and-still-win-by-six-lengths sort, but owing to the eclipse of Cecil, very few of us had the courage to lay odds again, and, of course, Felicitation, the best long-distance horse I ever saw, wins by ten lengths.

I AM always ready to order a double gin and settle down to an hour's sadness with anyone, but I refuse to get worked up by the fact that it is now impossible for Frank Butters to beat Joe Lawson's record of £93,899—and I am quite sure that Butters would be the last man to expect me to do anything of the sort.

MY morning paper, however, stated the fact as if it was in the nature of a national tragedy, and, reading between the lines, I gathered that its correspondent thought that it would be a pretty gesture on the part of some public benefactor, like Lady Houston or Uncle Regular, to out with their cheque-books and come over with the £5786, which, you will admit, is a measly little sum when it stands between a man and a record.

HURST PARK provided a great race for its two-year-old contest, but it did little to dispel the gloom which has settled on backers since I last dished up my news for you, and the crowning blow was the defeat of Alletstoi in the Syon Plate.

SELDOM have I had a more confident tip than I had for this one, and when Mrs. Vernet offered me 4 to 1 I blessed her dear, kind heart. Alletstoi started at 6 to 4, and although halfway up the straight it only appeared a matter of how far it won, it "compounded," which is a well-known racing expression meaning that backers once again have taken it on the chin.

WE must offer Mr. Esmond our hearty congratulations on the judicious purchase he made when giving £2000 for Flying Orders from Major Harbord. People are now saying that the Major should not have sold him—which is perfectly true—but although he is possessed of a wonderful eye, he has not been endowed with second sight, and he could not tell that Flying Orders would improve another 21 lb. in a couple of months. Furthermore, to my amazement, the Major told me that he was not a millionaire. Well, well, well!

MY final sad story concerns an unfortunate punter who was so alarmed by the posters which adorned every tree between Kingston and Hurst Park, bearing the words: "Look Out for Joe Barnett," that he turned back to London.

I HAD hoped to tell you all about Liverpool this week, but it makes them very irritable at the office when my "copy" arrives after they've gone to press, so I must reluctantly hold over my gems of Merseyside till next week.

ENGAGED

Left:
Miss Hersey Balfour

Miss Patricia Cookson

Patricia Cookson, who is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Roger Cookson, of 8, Cheval Place, S.W.1, is engaged to Roderick Stanhope Wemyss, son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. E. W. E. Wemyss, of Knowles Tooth, Hursipierpoint, Sussex

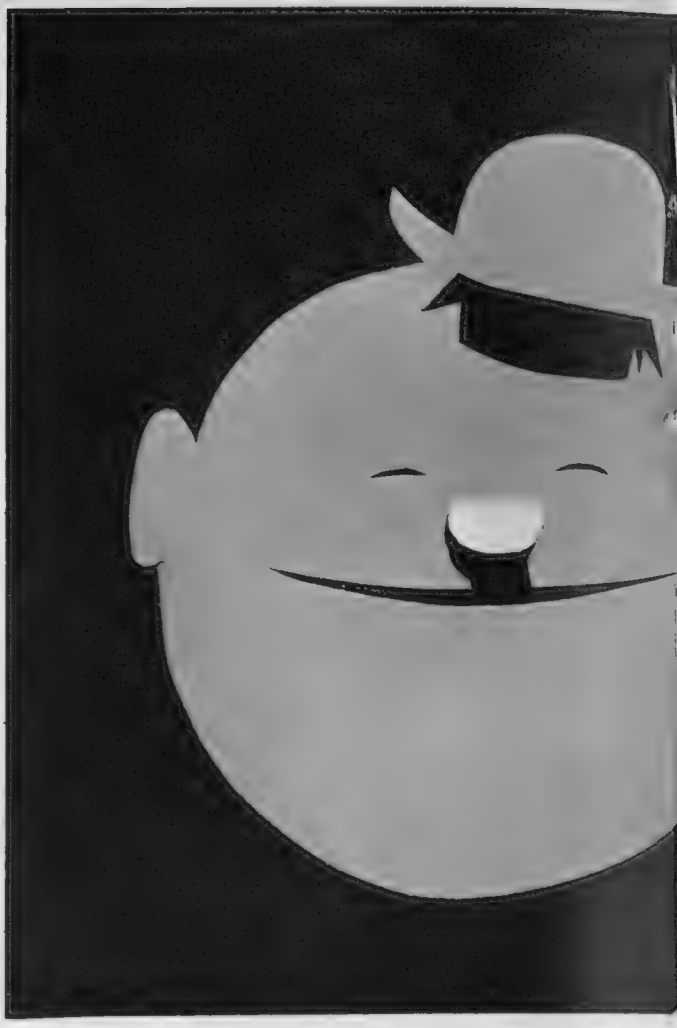
Left:
Miss Isobel McLean

Isobel McLean is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Loudon McLean, of 47, Park Street. She is engaged to Terence Skeffington-Smyth, eldest son of Colonel Skeffington-Smyth and the late Hon. Mrs. Skeffington-Smyth

Top, left: Hersey Balfour, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Balfour, of Wrockwardine Hall, Shropshire, is to marry Fordham Flower, elder son of Sir Archibald and Lady Flower, early in December. Sir Archibald Flower is chairman of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Council

Photographs by Tunbridge, Yevonde and Anthony

Sir John Simon



Oliver Hardy an

Scissors Cut Paper

Six Brilliant Caricatures
By Wladimir Bielkine,
The Russo-Dutch Artist

Grock

d Stan Laurel

Roosevelt

Hitler

WLADIMIR BIELKINE was born in Russia, but is now a naturalised Dutchman, and lives in Amsterdam. He is well known as a painter and draughtsman on the Continent, but less known in England. The first time he came over here, he won a prize in a "Star" competition, but this didn't somehow get him any commissions, and he decided to give bridge lessons to earn him a little money. It was in his Amsterdam flat he first got the idea of making paper pictures, on the morning after an "Old Dutch Gin" party. At the party Mr. Bielkine gave a geography lesson with a map and an open penknife to show where he was born in Russia. The map got rather tattered, and someone pinned the remains over the artist's bed. Next morning the first thing he seemed to see when he woke up was George Bernard Shaw. This was the maltreated map, cut by strange chance into a very likeness of the sage. So Mr. Bielkine got to work that day with scissors, paper, and his camera, and finally developed a really brilliant technique of paper portraiture

All rights strictly reserved

Jean Harlow

Here is a new likeness—and a very fetching one at that—of Jean Harlow. She's so decorative that as many good pictures of her get published as of most stars. As a displayer of temper and temperament, she's unrivalled on the screen; she learnt her timing in the days when she stood in front of the camera dodging custard-pies for two-reel films. She's the star who invented the floral address: in other words, planting the name or number of one's house in flowers on the front lawn. Her last film was "100% Pure," which was shown in London in August; she played in it with Franchot Tone, Lionel Barrymore, and Lewis Stone

"Le Lac Des Cygnes"

Alice Markova and Robert Helpmann In Tchaikowsky's Fairy-Tale Ballet At Sadler's Wells

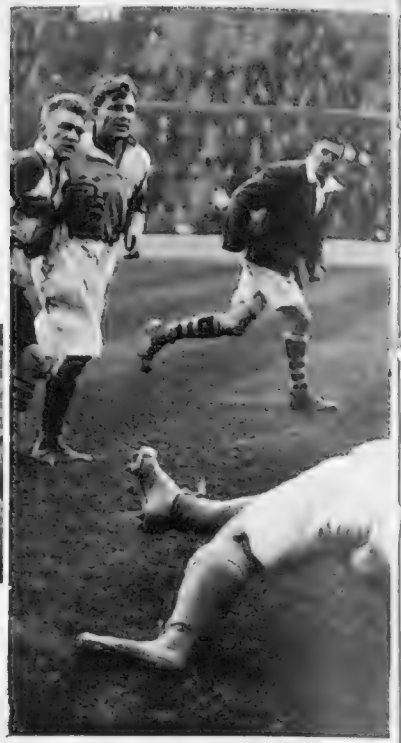
NEXT Tuesday a great event takes place at Sadler's Wells, when the first complete performance in England for over fifteen years is being given of "Le Lac des Cygnes." The wonderful Markova, to whose exquisite dancing the Vic-Wells Company owes so much of its reputation and success, is adored by her audiences. Her appearance as the enchanted Princess in all four acts of the Tchaikowsky ballet is being most eagerly awaited. Robert Helpmann, the premier danseur, is a young Australian, who was little known in England when he joined the company two years ago. He is rapidly proving himself a dancer of exceptional talent, both technically and dramatically, who is likely to rank high among the famous names of the ballet.

The performance on November 20th is being given in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, under the presidency of Lady Howard de Walden, herself a great lover of music and the ballet. Already all the seats have been sold for the evening, and the whole affair looks like being the most brilliant of the Little Season.

Photographs by Anthony

The Cambridge Seniors' Sports at Fenner's

H. G. Wayment (Charterhouse and King's), who is seen second from the camera, winning the final of the 120-yards high hurdles event at the recently-held Cambridge Seniors' Athletic Sports



Sport with the Lid Off: By "Mark Over"

IN these chill days of November gloom, it may seem unseasonable to talk of cricket. Yet the game has come right back into the news with the announcement that the Advisory County Cricket Committee are to consider the suggestion that a new leg-before-wicket rule should be tried out next season.

There is much more behind this resolution than meets the eye. Straightway, the rule—which will mean, simply, that batsmen will be given out for off-side obstructions—looks like killing that nasty Leg-Theory Demon!

With the knowledge that they can get wickets if a batsman uses his pads to a ball coming from the off, bowlers are certain to go all out for developing off-breaks. And there, you see, leg-theory will go by the board.

All through last season I heard the proposed law being discussed wherever cricketers met in the summer sunshine. It had its supporters; and, too, it was bitterly attacked—and not always by batsmen. One famous bowler who both toils and spins, told me that the rule would make the game too easy. It would tip the scales too much in favour of the bowler; batsmen, who had no deliberate intention of using their pads when stepping across the wicket to send a ball skimming through the covers, would occasionally be beaten by the spin, and—plump! would go ball against pads to send them back to the pavilion.

I understand that little Freeman, of Kent, is one of those who is a critic of the proposed law. Indeed, I have been told that he firmly believes that it would add another hundred wickets to his "bag," which, as you must know, is a pretty fearsome one! And yet he feels that the law is not good for the game.

I HAVE given one side of the argument. There is another. First, supporters of the recommendation believe that, beside eliminating leg-theory, the rule would bring back the glory of off-side batsmanship. And, in truth, we seem to have lost the technique which sends a ball crashing through the covers.

So there we are. The proposal comes before the representatives of the county clubs at Lord's on November 21st. And I gather, on very good authority, that it will be adopted, at least for the 1935 season. If the experiment proves successful in banishing the irritating pad play that has made cricket a funereal sort of affair in so many county—and Test—matches, then I, for one, will welcome it. If it gives bowlers too much of a whip hand . . . why, the counties can always go back to the old l.b.w. law.

DOWN at the Rectory Field the other Saturday, some folk were asking just how Blackheath had managed to preserve an unbeaten record. Swansea, meeting them for the first time since 1891, were desperately unlucky not to have been awarded a try. Indeed, the Welsh team very often looked much better than the "Club" in the certainty and speed with which they carried out their attacks.

But Blackheath's secret lies, I think, in their solid

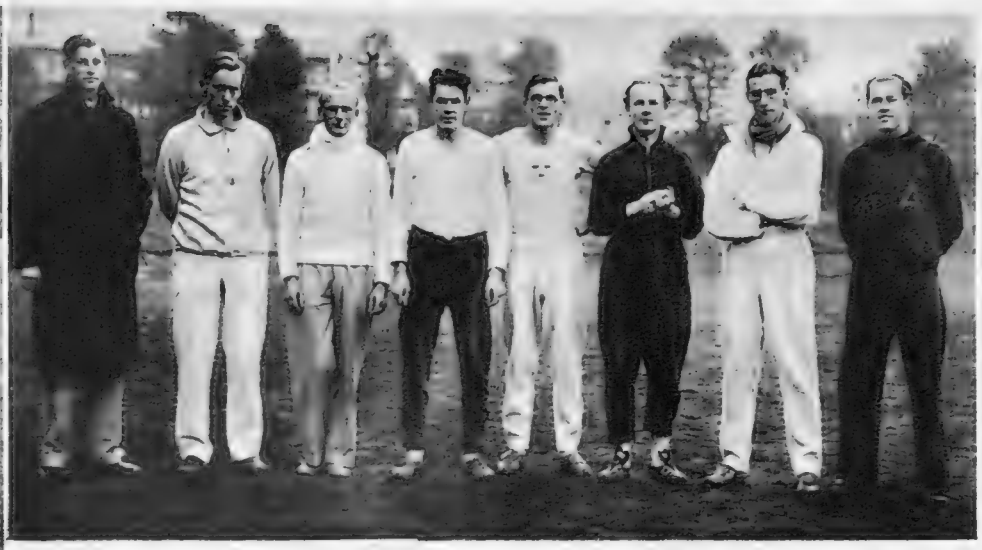
Above: R. G. Hurrell (Bristol) gets in his pass while being brought down by W. W. Russell, the Harlequins' stand-off half, in the match between these two teams, which ended in a draw at Twickenham

Below: the Kensington Country Club team which beat the Ladies' Carlton in the Inter-Club competition. Miss Eleanor Aubrey, Hon. Anne Lytton Milbanke, Mrs. Bryans Wolfe, founder of the Wolfe International Trophy, and Miss Nancy Cave, three times British squash champion

Right: the Oxford "Soccer" team. L. to r. standing: J. L. Field (Charterhouse and Christ Church), P. H. Williams (Bradfield and B.N.C.), J. E. B. Hill (Charterhouse and Merton), J. T. Burrowes (Kingston, Jamaica, and St. John's), D. A. Pott (Charterhouse and Oriel), S. C. Gilchrist (Charterhouse and Magdalen). Sitting: R. A. Sayer (Brentwood and St. Catherine's), G. C. M. Heathcote (Bradfield and Magdalen), W. F. Moss (Charterhouse and B.N.C.; Captain), K. S. Duncan (Malvern and New College; Captain in 1933), and E. O. W. Hunt (Malvern and B.N.C.)

The Oxford University Association Team

The Kensington Country Club's



The Seniors' and Freshmen's Sports at Oxford

Above: A. G. Pilbrow (Queen's), the high and low hurdler, and Secretary of the O.U.A.C.; Lord John Hope (Christ Church), half-mile, two miles, and relay Blue, nephew of Lord Charles Hope, golfer and lawn tennis player; E. L. Hancock (Lincoln) 100 yards; J. M. Ballieu (Magdalen), half-mile, and weight-put; K. S. Duncan (New College), President O.U.A.C., long jumper with a record to his credit of 23 ft. 7¾ in. against U.S.A., and also a "Soccer" Blue; D. Pettiward (University), 440 yards; M. H. Ferguson (University), winner, Freshmen's 440 yards; and W. Laidlaw, high jump

defensive work. Their tackling is immensely keen and deadly, and opponents find themselves blotted out. The "Club," when it comes to their own try-getting, rely quite a lot on the element of surprise: after a stretch of defending, they break away, and in a flash someone has found the gap in the opposition's lines.

This idea of surprise is becoming fashionable in football, both "Soccer" and "Rugger." How often, I wonder, have teams thrown everything into attack against the Arsenal, then to find that they have left gaps which the champions have found in a lightning raid? "Lucky Arsenal" they are called; yet astute football observers know just how much the club have developed this policy of concentrating on keeping their own goal intact while waiting for the time when they can surprise their opponents.

BUT just now "Soccer" folk are not thinking so much of the League battles as the forthcoming duel at Highbury between England and the Italians. We now know the composition of the England team. A pretty formidable-looking side it is, at that, with the Selectors deciding to bring in five Arsenal players. I am all for this wholesale selection of men from one club; that is, of course, providing they are up to International standard. So often we find representative sides are lacking in balance—players are thrown together for the first time, with little idea of one another's methods—and what should be a team working as one, is nothing but eleven units all at variance.

Had Westwood, the brilliant Bolton inside-left, been thoroughly fit, then he would

(*Continued on page ii*)

Below: A. Backhouse, Ian Akers Douglas, N. C. Selway, and J. B. Stevenson; below right: P. A. Valentine and W. S. Dalley; above right: P. L. Risdon and S. W. Jacobs, competitors in the Donoughmore Challenge Cup Foursomes at Prince's

Women's Squash Racquets Team

The Donoughmore Challenge Cup Open Amateur Scratch Foursomes at Prince's, Sandwich

Out of London

And Occupied in Out-door Ways

(1) Lady Seafield and Derek Studley-Herbert fishing on the last day of the season from a narrow platform above the Cullen water, which runs by Cullen, House, Lady Seafield's Banffshire place

(2) Bernard Rubin, owner of the Comet in which Waller and Cathcart Jones flew to Australia and back, and Audrey Simpson, his fiancée, waiting at Lympne for the record-breakers to arrive

(3) Frank Brangwyn, R.A., the famous artist, hates publicity and photographers, but allowed himself to be taken at his Ditchling, Sussex, home. With him is E. Canning-Freeman, a young Sussex artist

(4) Mr. and Mrs. Luke Lillingston (she was the Countess of Harrington) at the opening meet of the North Atherstone, of which Mr. Lillingston is Master. A wedding presentation was made to them from the hunt

(5) Mrs. Ian Akers-Douglas and Mrs. Jock Backhouse watching their husbands play in the Donoughmore Cup foursomes at Prince's, Sandwich

Last Fishing Days

Air Race Retrospect

A Hunting Couple

Frank Brangwyn at Home

Watching Golf

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

By all accounts, the first Welsh Trial match was a considerable success. They start early, the Welsh Selectors. If it were merely a matter of taking pains, Wales would have the championship, that mythical honour, in their pockets.

We must qualify the statement that the Trial was a success, though, for apparently the forwards were hardly up to snuff.

An odd thing, this, when we think of the grand forwards to be found in Welsh club sides: men of iron, as anyone who has played against them knows very well. It is just a question of blending them, and finding an inspiring leader, for, properly led, I believe the Welshmen would sweep the field.

Still, it is good to hear that players like Claude Davey and B. V. T. Cowey are in fine fettle, and now that C. W. Jones, of Cambridge, has proved himself fit again, the Welsh Selectors must be feeling reasonably optimistic. W. Wooller, too, is running into form. He seems to improve every week, and with plenty of thrustful wings about, Wales have a most likely attack.

I suppose it is inevitable that we should begin to think in terms of representative football. The English Selectors are earnestly going about their business, and C. N. Lowe was as far afield as Blundellsands last week, for the county match between Lancashire and Cheshire. I wonder if the game he saw there will result in two new centres playing for England in place of P. Cranmer and R. A. Gerrard? Certainly he discovered that J. Heaton and R. Leyland make a most formidable pair—Heaton, the adventurer, a beautiful and most elusive runner, and Leyland, the strong, constructive player, the instigator of successful attack.

It would be pleasant to see Lancashire winning the County Championship this year. I think I am right in saying that they have not been victorious since 1891, though since the war they have reached the semi-finals more than once, and in 1933 they were beaten in the final by Hampshire.

They are a strong side this season. R. Horne, their full-back, is a very useful player, and in addition to Heaton and Leyland, they have G. W. C. Meikle in the three-quarter line, J. P. McArthur at scrum-half, and such outstanding forwards as H. A. Fry, W. H. Leather, G. P. C. Vallance, I. Mycock, H. B. Toft, and J. A. Cooper.

A good, sturdy team, this, with sufficient speed and cleverness in addition to make the other counties look to their laurels.

Talking of speed, I wonder which club side has the fastest back division in the country? Oxford or Cambridge, the Scottish or Gloucester, Leicester or Bristol? I should be inclined to plump for Guy's Hospital, with Steytler at stand-off half, and Giesen, Alexander, Dick and Wright in the three-quarter line. A grand back division, this, and Steytler is playing uncommonly well just now. Guy's are making full use of their speed, moreover. They do not align themselves in deep echelon, but stand fairly shallow, with Steytler wide of the scrummage, so that they are not forced across in attack. They are thus enabled to run straight, and beat the back-row forwards and the usual mid-field muddle.

Our ideas in this matter of three-quarter positioning are changing with the increased activity of the loose forward, and the waning effectiveness of scrummaging. It used to be thought that three-quarters should lie deep in attack, so that they would take the ball at full speed. Now it becomes a question of breaking the defence with the least possible delay, and a shallow formation has many supporters. It is dangerous in defence, this shallow formation, for, once it is broken, the opposition are pretty certain to score. When the three-quarters lie back in echelon, however, the cut-through by stand-off half or centre is rarely effective, for the player is enfiladed, so to speak.

Go and watch Guy's on a dry day, though, if you have the chance, especially when R. C. S. Dick has joined Giesen and Alexander. To my mind, this is the most attractive back division in the country.

He Loves Me—He Loves Me Not

An Oxford forward embraces a Richmond player in a mix-up during the match, when the 'Varsity—weakened by injuries—were beaten by the home team by 13 points to 9

W. T. H. Davis and H. Tanner, the two schoolboys who play stand-off half and scrum-half for Swansea. The team drew with Blackheath in a match which has been revived after forty years' interval

Michael Walford

Of Rugby and Trinity College, and one of the most promising athletes at Oxford. He captained his school at "Rugger" and has also represented his school both at cricket and hockey

Blackheath, by the way, are having to fight harder and harder to preserve their unbeaten record, and they may have lost it by the time you read this, for they will by then have played both Oxford and the Wasps on the same day. They romped home against Newport, were pressed hard by the Scottish and Cardiff, and then were held to a draw by Swansea.

I mention Blackheath because I have had an interesting letter suggesting that A. L. Novis is the stand-off half England are seeking. In the centre, says my correspondent, Novis is marked and driven into trying to run round his man, but he surely has, the letter continues, all the qualities for a great stand-off half—speed off the mark, good hands, an instinct for the game, and ability to kick with either foot.

I should like to see Novis at stand-off half, I must admit. Whether he would swing in to his man and straighten the attack I don't know, but the experiment would be worth trying.

Oxford are having bad luck just now with injuries. In their match with Richmond, Lorraine himself limped painfully after hurting his knee, and so did J. C. Guye, a very promising scrum-half; and then, culminating disaster, A. L. Warr was carried off with a knee rather badly damaged.

All this complicates matters for Lorraine immensely. It is true enough that there are some promising youngsters, like Michael Walford, in reserve, but team-building is the problem, and a team does not come together in a single game. Actually, the 'Varsity captains have a relatively short while to sort out and weld together their players, and Lorraine has been able to make very little headway.

Brocton Hall Open Mixed Foursomes

The "Star" Ladies' Inter-Club Tournament at Wentworth

Above: Captain Charles Todd, Secretary of Brocton Hall G.C., Miss Molly Gourlay, runner-up with General Critchley, who had to return to town hurriedly, Mr. Brewster, President, Mrs. M. L. Clarke, and Mr. Henry Longhurst, of the "Tatler," the winners of the open Mixed Foursomes

Left: the Berkshire Club team. Back: Miss B. Daniell, Miss Barnes-Gorell, Lady Carr. Seated: Mrs. Mellor and Mrs. V. G. Davies (Captain), competitors in the "Star" Tournament, won by Thorndon Park

Below: Miss Jessie Anderson, (winner of the best scratch score, Silver Division), Miss Morrison (Secretary), Mrs. E. T. S. Reid, Mrs. W. G. Mathewson (winner of the best scratch score, Bronze Division), and Miss M. C. Irvine (winner, best handicap score)

Scottish Ladies' County Union at the Gleneagles Hotel Links

Women's Golf:

Brocton Hall Foursomes

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I AM not quite sure whether the Open Mixed Foursomes at Brocton Hall ought to be called a Worplesdon imitation, aftermath, or foretaste. Possibly it is all three. The Hon. Humphrey Legge certainly meant it to be the first when he helped start it; Miss Dorothy Pearson and Captain C. B. Stevens repeated the Worplesdon partnership pretty successfully, for they were Brocton semi-finalists, and if the winners, Mrs. M. L. Clarke and Mr. Henry Longhurst, do not make it a foretaste, then they are obviously rejecting golden chances.

They really played extremely good golf; they took life and each other very placidly, made the most of fine pitching by holing out the resultant putt, and, in fact, were at their best. Miss Gourlay might have beaten the side in the final if she had been in her Worplesdon form with her Worplesdon partner; as it was, she and General Critchley had many noble shots but did not seem quite that one and indivisible whole which makes the perfect partnership.

HOWEVER, there was plenty of good golf from them, too, before they lost the final on the seventeenth green, and better still in some of the earlier rounds. On the first day, for example, after a rare struggle against Mrs. Whitfield (of BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes fame) and Mr. F. Edmunds, they put out one of the really strong pairs in Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Dr. Moore, the latter hitting the ball almost as far as anybody I have ever seen. Other good pairs who went out that day were Miss Mary Peech, one of the BYSTANDER Spring Medal Foursomes winners, and John Morrison, who were beaten by Mrs. Hickman (Miss Kitty Beard that was) and her husband. Out went that pair, though, the next day, to some brilliant stuff from Miss Bridget Newell, one of the BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes winners, and Andrew McNair. Brocton will talk for a long time of how, at the twelfth, McNair turned up his trousers, waded into the stream, and played a stupendous recovery out on to the plateau green above him in the second round, when his side beat Mrs. Cyril Beard and Mr. Symons, whose golf had been part of the talk of the morning. Mr. Beard was secretary at Brocton before going to Ferndown, so the family know plenty about it there, and the younger daughter, Mary, who is now Mrs. Golden, was defending the title won there last year with Mr. John Bloor. Miss Joy Winn and Colonel Beddow were too steady for them, and were, in fact, a most redoubtable pair, and took Miss Gourlay and General Critchley to the last green in the round before the semi-final. It was in that round that Mrs. Clarke and Longhurst beat the Hickmans, though Mrs. Hickman played so nobly that it was hard to believe how little practice she has had. Then we settled down to enjoy two of the best matches you could imagine.

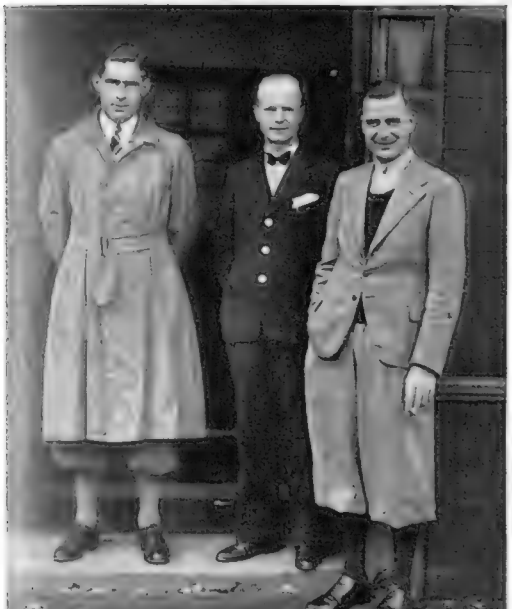
Mrs. Clarke and Longhurst had the seventeen holes of their match in 69, which is one under men's par, and quite sufficient reason for their beating Miss Newell and McNair 2 and 1.

In the other semi-final, Miss Gourlay and General Critchley turned one up on Miss Dorothy Pearson and Captain Stevens. That pair had shot a very brilliant bolt in the morning, when they and Mrs. Parkes and Mr. Saltmarsh had fairly bandied threes against each other. In the afternoon they halved the third in two by way of going one better. There were a vast number of stymies, one of which Stevens lofted, and no decision seemed likely until Critchley's fine second over the trees at the sixteenth gave Miss Gourlay the chance to sink the putt for a birdie three, to get back the lead they had lost. Two more halves, and her side had qualified for the final. Parliamentary duties, though, meant that Critchley must be in London that evening. The last putt was hardly in the hole before he was in a car bound for the station, and ten-thirty the next morning saw him back again for the thirty-six-holes struggle.

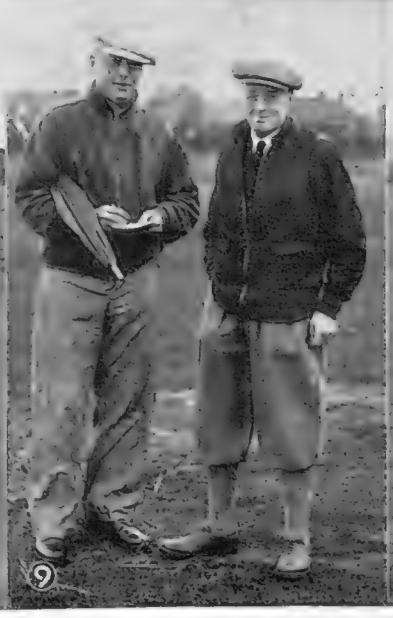
It looked like a runaway, in spite of the third being again halved in two, for Mrs. Clarke's side was clearly the stronger, and lunched 4 up, making it 5 at the second hole in the afternoon and 6 at the seventh. With twenty-seven holes played, that was still the position, Mrs. Clarke's side, so far, having averaged only one over fours for the day. They relaxed after that; there was some great putting from Miss Gourlay, and some long hitting and good chipping from Critchley, and the end only came when Mrs. Clarke holed a good putt to halve the sixteenth, 3 and 2.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Stormy Weather for the St. Andrews Meeting at Formby



(1) H. de Bels Adam, a past Captain, and H. P. Jeffries. (2) Captain H. M. Heppel, the Secretary, and F. R. Verdon, acting Captain. (3) L. S. M. Ryley (Greens Committee), and V. Norbury. (4) F. A. P. Zacharias (Handicap Committee) and F. Stanley Morris. (5) H. R. Manton, assistant pro., J. Barlow, steward, and J. H. Busson, the professional. (6) J. C. Greenhill, Hon. Treasurer, R. T. Ainworth, and Dr. R. Lamb. (7) W. Burns and J. I. Scott (Handicap Committee). (8) T. W. Lloyd and G. B. Davey. (9) Edward Edgar and Noel Buckley. (10) E. J. Parker and W. Parry (Handicap Committee). I. S. Thomas (plus 1) was the winner with a gross score of 78, which was no mean effort in the rain and gale that blew all day. Lord Derby, the Captain of the club, presided at the St. Andrews dinner that followed the match



Kay Vaughan

Grace Elliott Taylor

Whose novel, "She Grew Up," is published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson. It 's about a foundling who escapes from an emigrating batch of orphans and ends as a dancing star

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

The Tin Bowl . . .

Below: Ralph Ricketts, whose first novel, "A Lady Leaves Home" (Methuen), is just out. He used to be sub-editor of Sir John Squire's "London Mercury"

Cannons of Hollywood

Ralph Ricketts

By Alan Thomas

I HAVE a friend who has a theory that a man should sample every out-of-the-way experience—such as getting drunk, being unfaithful to one's wife, and so on—just once. Otherwise one cannot be said to have "lived." The next time I see him I shall ask him if he includes "going to prison" in the category of experiences not to be missed. And if he says "Yes," I shall—at my own expense—present him with a copy of Hans Fallada's new book, *Who Once Eats Out of the Tin Bowl* (Putnam; 7*s.* 6*d.*). And I shall be surprised if my friend does not revise his opinion.

The story is one of a young convict who has served five years in a German prison and who, on release, wants to make "a clean start." What a hope! As someone said to him: "It 's not till a man gets outside that he finds out how bad things can be."

He begins in an institution misnamed "The Home of Peace," and from there goes on to a typing agency. Then he sets up on his own and is in a fair way of making good. He becomes engaged, and is within easy distance of a decent home and a settled career. And then—collapse! "I 'm afraid we shan't be able to keep you on here," his employer says. "So long as it wasn't known, you understand—" And so he takes on "a job," which ultimately lands him back in gaol, where "a man can live in peace and the voices of the world are stilled."

This is not a book for the squeamish or for those who "Don't like to read about such things, my dear." "Such things," however, are a part of life. And if you are one who prefers realities to appearances, you ought not to miss *The Tin Bowl*. It is like life itself—except that life has its dull moments. This book, long as it is, has none. I read it myself in a couple of sittings.

MR. J. B. MORTON has written another book——

PRODNOSE: Do you mean 'Beachcomber?'

MYSELF: Yes, but——

PRODNOSE: Then why don't you say so?

MYSELF: Well, but——

EDITOR OF "BYSTANDER": What 's all this?

MYSELF: Prodnose interrupted me, and——

EDITOR OF "BYSTANDER": Never mind about Prodnose. Your job is to write about books. Get on with it.

MYSELF: I 'm sorry. Well, then, Mr. J. B. Morton has written a new book called *Skylighters* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a satire. And the subject of it is the kind of religious exhibitionism that is very popular just now—religion run as a stunt, in this case, actually at a profit. The new religion, which is floated by a couple of crooks because they think it may turn out to be "a good thing," is given the name "Skylight" (not, as a witty friend of mine suggested, founded by Simeon Skylightes), and it is not long in attracting the sort of people you would expect it to attract: Miss Maritana Moon, for example, welfare worker and sociologist, who has the idea that every Skylighter should be called a Blythe Spirit ("Bird thou never wert," as one of the crooks interpolated, looking straight at Maritana). Then there is the Rev. James Hoey-Stoker, who declares that Skylight has taught England one thing, that it was time to wake up and take stock of her spiritual banking account, so long over-drawn.

In getting the new religion under way, the crooks make use of all the most up-to-date publicity methods, and in the end—but I will leave you to discover the dénouement. To write a book with a serious purpose and yet to achieve a laugh on every page is a feat which few people besides Mr. J. B. Morton——

PRODNOSE: 'Beachcomber,' don't you mean?

MYSELF: Oh, chuck it!

I THINK there will be very few people who will not enjoy reading Daphne du Maurier's portrait of her father, *Gerald* (Gollancz; 10*s.* 6*d.*). It is an intimate study written in the modern manner and with a detachment that is rare in biographies. Miss du Maurier never refers to herself in the first person, only as Daphne. Nor is Gerald ever "my father."

The book sketches the story of Gerald's life from his birth. Even as a little boy "he developed the naughty habit of mimicking people who came to the house," a habit which underwent further development at Harrow, but found little outlet in the shipping office to which he was consigned. Even his mother had to admit that he was better fitted for the stage than anything else, and on January 6th, 1894, he was given his first part as Fritz, the waiter, in *An Old Jew*, at the Garrick. It was the first step on the road which was to lead him to the head of his profession.

As a man he was a queer mixture of sentimentality and cynicism. He possessed "the moral conventions of the Victorians and the unscrupulous shrug of the twentieth century." Perhaps the most pathetic memory recorded is the short time he spent in the summer of 1918 as a cadet in the Irish Guards at Bushey. He took infinite pains with his personal appearance. "No button that shone brighter than his, no belt more polished." And his name became anything from "Demure" to "Demerara."

Miss du Maurier writes vividly and well. Read particularly her descriptions of a first night, the Sundays at Cannon Hall, Hampstead, a journey en famille from London to Monte Carlo—any of which might become a locus classicus.

The book is written "For Gerald and his Family." It will appeal to a very much larger family than that.

IN a brief foreword to *The Demon in the House* (Hamish Hamilton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mrs. Thirkell reminds us that last year she wrote *High Rising*, in which a little boy named Tony Morland appeared. She came to love and hate him so much that she had to write down anything else that came into her mind about him. That "anything else" proves to be a most diverting contribution to the study of the human boy. Tony, the demon of the title, is twelve. When not at boarding-school, he lives with his mother, and Mrs. Thirkell gives an account of his holidays at home. Demon is le mot juste. He never stops talking; he is always boasting, and is prepared to give advice on any subject under the sun. As one of his mother's friends rightly observes, he is a fountain of useless information and an encyclopædia of unwanted and misleading facts. But the little monster has attractive moments, and I came near to liking him when he was doing his shopping at Woolworth's.

On closing the book, I experienced a feeling of relief, not because the book was finished, but because Tony existed for me only between its covers. Heaven forbid that I should ever meet his like! It is boys of his kidney who keep the boarding-schools open.

Fashions

by Jean Burnup

Dorvyne

Luigi Diaz, Paris

CHANEL'S dress (above), in white Fayela, one of her new fabrics, has a bow-like neckline, and an air of youth.

RIGHT, at the top: wine velvet follows the figure to the knees, like another skin, then quietly floats out into curving fullness. *Augustabernard.*

RIGHT: tunic dress and elbow-length, down-padded cape, in black figured moiré. The dress has a low, square décolletage, the tunic, longer behind, flares sharply; the skirt is slit. *Mainbocher, from Harrods*

Dorvyne

HATS for the Level Headed

If you are thinking about a new hat, there is plenty of French-derived, attractive craziness from which to make your choice.

Salvation Army bonnets, pierrot hats, dunce's caps, great sombreros, showing foreheads, square draped toques and turbans in felt and fur, all on the up and up, some of them almost a foot high—and mighty.

But if you are looking for a hat which covers every fashion point of the moment, yet is carefully modified to suit the English face and to be worn with confidence a long while ahead, when the more extreme hats of just now will be passé, you 'll find it photographed on this page.

Beige felt (left, at the top) for sports or country wear, with a good, square brim, trimmed with Petersham ribbon and a jaunty little feather. *Woodrow, 46, Piccadilly.*

It is a relief not to see the now inevitable quill, but a dull gold dagger instead piercing the folded brim of the brown felt hat (at the left) from H. J. Nicoll, of Regent Street.

Jeff used black felt, black astrakhan, and a cute veil to make the dressy little toque below. He says it was inspired by a Danish peasant's hat. He has always gone very strongly for height and staged a triumphant I-told-you-so by exhibiting two very high, square crowns which he had shown two years ago. But he insists that height is no good unless it has a backward movement.

Photographs by Helen MacGregor

For Economists Who Want To Be Smart Women

Do You Ever Have Enough Blouses?

THIS one is in white, blue and yellow plaid. The fringed collar is held by a chromium hunting-crop pin. The cuff ends are fringed, too. Twenty-nine and six, in many colours.

If You Are An Outsize Woman

THIS dress will fit you, because it is outsize too. It is wine-coloured wool marocain, with an embossed metal thread running lightly through it. Wine is warm-looking, fashionable and slimming, but if you would rather, you can have it made in black, navy or brown.

The Kind of Evening Gown

THAT you buy because you want an odd extra one; then it becomes your favourite. Brown and rust satin, with a cowl neck and a small train slit either side. Five and a half guineas.

Wear This For Bridge Or Dining Out—

SHORT evening coat in velvet (or lamé). Ruched shoulders, cape sleeves, a cross-over front, tying in bow at the side. Forty-nine and six.

—And This Over An Elderly Evening Gown

BLACK net elbow-length deeply frilled cape. A taffeta neck-band ties in a bow. Fourteen and six.

All from Marshall and Snelgrove.

For Your Shopping Diary

Harvey Nichols	Warm underwear need not be bulky, stodgy, or uninteresting. Proved by the silk and wool vest and pantie set to be found here. Tailored vest (15s. 11d.) has brassière top. Pantie (14s. 11d.) has lastex yarn ribbing at the waist. For sitting up in bed and looking pretty, bed-jackets in hand-crocheted wool, shell pattern, 10s. 11d.
Debenham and Freebody	A gossamer evening knicker of suzette and cobweb lace, a perfect letter-post gift to send by Christmas overseas mail to your friends Out There.
Marshall and Snelgrove	So your children break and destroy their toys? They will meet their Waterloo here in the new leather toy animals that are practically indestructible.
Gorringe's	Fur Week. . . . Also many matters of interest on the Lower Ground Floor Department . . . An oak work-table on wheels, opening with a deep well for needlework, and a movable tray, 25s. 6d. . . . The Chummy, a versatile lamp that clamps anywhere, bends in any direction, can be used all around the house Then, if you are travelling, will fold up and go with you, 18s. 6d.

Flying to Pace the Sun

By Charles Ward

Left: Cathcart Jones, on the right, and Waller, who finished fourth in the race for the MacRobertson Trophy, and have flown back to England in their "Comet." Two stages on the homeward journey, each exceeding 2000 miles, were flown non-stop at more than 200 miles an hour

Swaebe

Gordon Selfridge, Junr., who travels extensively by air, both on business and for pleasure. He pilots his own 'plane, a Leopard Moth, and keeps it at Heston Airport

Is Civil Aviation to be Promoted?

In a written reply to a Parliamentary question, Sir Philip Sassoon states that the Government has no intention of removing civil aviation from the Air Ministry. Further, he points out that to do so would be a retrograde step, when most other great nations have followed our example in rationalising their air organisation. His reply must mean that the Department of Civil Aviation will receive promotion, for at present neither its Director nor his staff have the authority or the means to bring up the civilian "child," which is growing faster than its military brother. The Air Ministry is a Department of Defence. It compares notes with the War Office and the Admiralty, being concerned with spending money and not with creating it through transport and manufacture. Whereas the Under Secretary of State for Air—in this Government, Sir Philip Sassoon—is charged with the care of civil aviation, the real controller is the Secretary of the Air Ministry, Sir Christopher Bullock. Having, as his principal job, the administration of a Department of State concerned with the nation's security, it is small wonder that the claims of commerce receive little attention. If civil aviation is to remain a Department of the Air Ministry, then its Director must be on the Air Council, its staff augmented to cope with the tremendous volume of work that urgently needs attention, and its funds increased so that our domestic and Imperial routes can be equipped to carry the traffic of the future, which no thinking person doubts must be by air.

To India in a Day

Having delivered myself of that piece of propaganda, it becomes easier to cope with affairs of the day which are rapidly dissolving into visions of the future. Cathcart Jones and Waller have returned safely, after breaking many records and proving beyond all doubt that the "Comet" is no racing freak. An average speed of 200 miles an hour for any distance between 1000 and 2500 miles non-stop, has been attained by all three "Comets" during the Race and the return journey of Jones and Waller. Perhaps the most remarkable individual achievement was the Mollisons' first stage from Mildenhall to Baghdad, non-stop at almost exactly 200 m.p.h., and their next hop to Karachi, where they landed on the morning after leaving England. To India in less than twenty-four hours! The late Squadron-Leader Jones-Williams and Flight Lieut. N. H. Jenkins took fifty hours to fly non-stop to Karachi in 1929. Five years from now, the regular mailplane will make India in a day. Scott and Campbell Black took four minutes less than forty hours to reach Singapore—a distance of more than 7000 miles from their starting point.

A Race Round the World

After the MacRobertson Trophy Race, there can be only one other long-distance event yet to be organised—a race round the world. Anything else would be merely repetition. When Wiley Post put his girdle round the earth in $7\frac{3}{4}$ days, he flew entirely in northern latitudes, the total distance covered being less than 16,000 miles, whereas the course for a race would have to approach 24,000 miles to be a true test. At the speed made by Scott and Black, the equatorial distance round the world would be flown in a little more than six days, less than one-tenth of the time estimated by that prophet of our youth, Jules Verne. It's a staggering prospect, but less terrifying than that of going round the world in daylight, flying at 1000 miles an hour to pace the sun, and always arriving in time for breakfast or lunch or dinner, at exactly the same hour as that of departure. At such a speed, flying would be faster than sound, which travels at about 720 miles an hour. The present air speed record, held by the Italians, is about 440 miles an hour.

The Rush of Air

It is consoling to know that speed, in itself, is not dangerous to health. The rush of air is not felt in the cabin of an air liner, the first vehicle to be equipped with that innovation, air-conditioning. Similarly, noise will be reduced as speed increases, cabins being made of thicker material to withstand the pressure at speed, to exclude all draughts—therefore noise—and to make possible the ascents into the stratosphere, where the air is too rare to sustain life, but so thin that it offers practically no resistance to a moving 'plane. And what of noise heard by those on the ground? The silencing of engines is a comparatively simple matter, but the noise of airscrews, gears and the friction of air passing over metal, will always be with us. Silence will be experienced only in our air-conditioned houses.

Scott and Black, Senior, meet for the first time, introduced by Roy Tuckett, who flew the MacRobertson Trophy course and made an excellent film, "London—Melbourne," now showing in town. Mr. Kennedy Scott is on the left, and Mr. Milner Black, right

We have a very wide array of lounge suits, in worsteds, saxonies and tweeds, some costing more than six guineas and some costing less.

Can you leave on Monday?

It is easy for a man to buy a suit or an overcoat or dress clothes in a few minutes at Austin Reed's. Skilled tailors have been working for months in advance in order to save him time and trouble. It only takes a quarter of an hour to test our claim to be able to fit nine men out of ten with absolute precision.

151 FITTINGS IN THE NEW TAILORING

AUSTIN REED of Regent Street

103-113 REGENT STREET, W 1 • 24 COVENTRY STREET, W 1 • 13 FENCHURCH STREET, EC 3

Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol, Belfast

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON
P.20114

Oxford v. the Army Golfing Society Swaebe

Lt.-Col. J. S. Mellor (Army), J. O. H. Greenley (Oxford), K. B. Scott (Oxford), and Capt. J. C. Craigie (Army) in the match at West Hill. The Army won this foursome by two and one, but the University secured the whole event by seven matches to five

The Donoughmore Cup at Prince's

A. R. Denne, Geoffrey Simpson and H. G. Bentley, competitors in the Donoughmore Challenge Cup Amateur Scratch Foursomes at Prince's, Sandwich

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Club and 'Varsity Golf

So the Hartleys have won another foursome competition. In the final of a new event at Prince's, they won the Lord Donoughmore Foursomes Cup by defeating R. B. Foster and P. W. L. Risdon in the final round, over eighteen holes, by one hole.

Both W. L. Hartley and R. W. Hartley deserve many congratulations on their success; but, all the same, I wish they wouldn't do it. This may sound rather rude to the brothers—perhaps even biased against them. Believe me, I have no intention of being personal—I am thinking of a much larger issue. The fact that the Hartleys can win so often in this country, both in partnership and alone, is not a very good omen for our chances in future Walker Cup matches. Both brothers have had an extended trial in International matches against America, and neither has a very impressive record. It is claimed on their behalf that, although they may have been beaten, they have always played good golf. This is possibly perfectly true, but it does not alter an unpleasant fact: they have not been good enough for the occasion. It is therefore disturbing to find that they are still good enough frequently to win our first-class or near first-class events.

It must not be assumed, however, that the Hartleys have not achieved a very meritorious performance. There were several players, in a surprisingly small entry, who should have been fully capable of extending any amateur couple. Notable among these were Douglas Grant and L. O. M. Munn, a peculiarly devastating pair anywhere around Sandwich; R. Sweeny, Jun., and H. G. Bentley; N. C. Selway and J. B. Stevenson, and E. N. Layton and G. D. Hannay. Of these only Grant and Munn reached the semi-final round, the others losing to apparently less talented players—which only goes to show what very good fun foursomes are.

To revert to a subject which I barely touched on last week, there seems very little doubt that if the University Golf Match were to be played to-morrow, Oxford might very well win by a record margin. A Cambridge captain of not so very long ago, who is now very rapidly making a big name for himself as a writer on golf, goes so far as to say that the event may be just another Walker Cup Match, with Oxford playing the part of the Americans. It is certainly true to say that, as far as can be judged by the matches already played by both Universities, there is no comparison at all as to the results. Oxford have played extremely well, on the whole, and even when they have not been the victorious side, they have given a very good account of themselves. Cambridge, on the other hand, have rather a dismal record.

Of course, at this stage of the season it is utter madness to attempt anything in the nature of prognostication. There are precedents for the weaker side early on in the year's golf improving out of all knowledge, even to the extent of snatching a surprise victory in the great match itself. There was a Cambridge side, for instance, which contained no very great names, which managed to beat an Oxford side that included Cyril Tolley and Roger Wethered. But the fact remains that Cambridge have got to improve considerably if they wish to make a match of it when the great day arrives. I hope that they do, for a run-away match is no fun for anybody.

It is usually a sign, when the Universities start playing their matches against the Clubs, that these latter will also start doing the same amongst themselves and against the Societies. The annual match between the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club and the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society has just taken place and resulted in a halved match. Really, the Society should have won, for with four matches to play it was necessary for the Club to win every one if its representatives were to save their bacon. This is precisely what they managed to do. Perhaps the Society was feeling a little too confident, too secure in the pleasant position of being dormy. The fact remains that the Club players won each of their matches fairly convincingly, L. B. Sanderson and Bernard Darwin, for the Society, being the only pair to reach the seventeenth hole. A feature of the match was the appearance of the famous professional golfer, J. H. Taylor, representing the Club, in partnership with that eminent gentleman H. E. Taylor.

J. H. Taylor is an honorary member of the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club, and I venture to say that no membership is more highly valued by the Club. I believe that I am right in saying that Taylor represents the Club in this match at the request of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, but normally, of course, these matches are played by teams entirely composed of amateurs. It is a very pretty compliment to a very great gentleman of golf.

Finally, I would like to refer to a most charming letter I have received from the present Captain of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club. He refers, of course, to the article which recently appeared on this page, in which I apologised for having made a fool of myself over John Ball:

"You have dealt with the mistake you made in the earlier article in a manner which is, if I may say so, the complete amende honorable."

I am most grateful to my friends of Hoylake for the way in which I have been forgiven.

"Bumps" Carpenter *"Connie" Fifield* *Fred Wadley, Captain* *Albert Welshman* *"Don" Meadows*

Archie Hudson, Hon. Sec. *A. T. Voyce* *Harry Berry* *"Buster" Ayliff* *Dr. Alcock, President* *"Bertie" Balchin* *Jack Brookes, Chairman*

THE COMMITTEE OF THE CLUB

Harold Boughton *Peter Hordern* *"Kit" Tanner* *John Brooks, Vice-Captain*

Rugby Clubs at Home: Gloucester Rugby Club

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

The Shadow...
...and the Substance
of Perfection
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES
MEDIUM
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED · 20 FOR 1½D 50 FOR 2/5
N.C.C.232.

LONDON NIGHTS

Dance, Dinner and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The Dorchester

Les Girls, in Eskimo dress and led by Beverley Britton, doing one of their dance numbers in the Midnight Follies show

The Café de Paris

POULSEN took the tide of popularity at its flood all right when he put in the Yacht Club Boys as cabaret after Sophie Tucker had finished her contract. The Y.C.B.s packed the late and lamented Monseigneur for weeks last spring, and they haven't let the Café de Paris down lightly in the way of crowds. They must be very nearly the best comedy singers America has ever produced: their very names go with a swing—Adler, Kelly, Kern, and Mann, if that's how you spell it. Their autumn collection of songs are, if anything, more witty than those they put over in the spring.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George have both been in once or twice to hear them, and so has Princess Arthur of Connaught. Princess Mdivani went to the Café de Paris no fewer than four times in the week before she left London, always wearing her stupendous diamonds, which, on anyone else, would be far too good to be real. She usually had big parties of friends with her.

The Corlette Glorneys had a large party last week (not on extension night) for the anniversary of their wedding. Poulsen thought up a nice bit of decoration for the occasion: a sort of a race-course all round the table, the field well strung out and the winner, wearing the Glorney green and gold, just home in front of the hostess.

The Dorchester

THE Midnight Follies are going well, filling the Dorchester restaurant quite as successfully as did their predecessors. It's not only the magnetic charm of "Les Girls" that brings the crowd, though that certainly might be allowed to have something to do with it; it's the show as a whole, swift, gay, and well balanced.

Wanda Allen's dancing is always a delight to watch; she's as graceful as a fawn. Fay Carroll, "whose singing gets worse and worse," has made herself a great favourite with her infectious sense of humour, and so has Ken Harvey with his banjo. Call him "wizard" and the word wouldn't be too misplaced for once. Naunton Wayne gets better and better (ruder and ruder) as compère, and his zodiacal comments on Norman Frescott's telepathic act are sometimes worth framing.

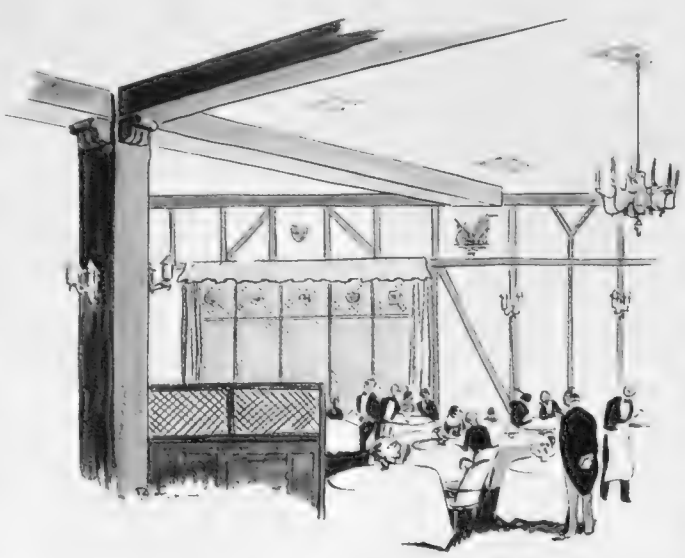
If meeting for tea ever comes into fashion again—and it easily might, with all this Edwardianism still about—the Dorchester will be certain to catch that swing of the pendulum, and become the place to go for the "five o'clock." That's deliberate prophecy, and not a matter of making conversation.

The May Fair

AT the May Fair are a pair of singers who've got a sure place on London's cabaret list. Ross and Sargent, who've been away from London for nearly three years, have brought back a new collection of songs. They've been touring America most of the time they've been absent, and have managed to collect some crackers in the way of American humour. They went into action at the May Fair last week.

Grosvenor House

EVERYONE who goes to Grosvenor House talks about the silver restaurant and the Monte Carlo Girls (probably not in that order). To



The Grill Room at Grosvenor House

A corner of the Tudor Grill, with its beams, painted decorations and lattice windows: a great contrast to the silver restaurant upstairs

300 years' tradition

IT is an art three hundred years old, the roasting and blending of coffee in the traditional Viennese manner.

To-day English hostesses are learning that it adds distinction to their table to serve the favourite coffee of Imperial Vienna. They realise too well that all their careful planning, the choicest wines, the rarest of liqueurs, and all the grace and loveliness of the setting, are wasted unless their coffee carries the same high note of luxury and tradition.

Blue Danube is a true Viennese coffee, roasted and blended as the Viennese learnt, when coffee first came to Europe from the East. It is stocked by all the best grocers, including, THE ARMY AND NAVY, FORTNUM AND MASON, HARRODS, ROBERT JACKSON, SELFRIDGES, etc.

BLUE DANUBE "Viennese Coffee"

"A sparkling affair"—DAILY MIRROR, OCT. 3rd, 1934

at

The Dorchester

PARK LANE, W.1. Mayfair 8888

"MIDNIGHT FOLLIES"

DEVISED ARRANGED AND PRODUCED (ON BEHALF OF SIR FRANCIS TOWLE & THE DORCHESTER HOUSE SYNDICATE LTD.) BY CLIFFORD WHITLEY

ENTIRELY NEW EDITION (AUTUMN 1934)

NORMAN FRESCOTT

with

BEBE STANTON

KEN HARVEY

ELSA MACFARLANE

NAUNTON WAYNE

& "LES GIRLS" (OLD & NEW)

JACK JACKSON AND HIS BAND

The May Fair Hotel

BERKELEY SQ., W.1. Mayfair 7777

RETURN OF

ROSS & SARGENT

DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD

AFTER 3 YEARS SENSATIONAL TOUR OF AMERICA

NIGHTLY AT DINNER & SUPPER

Dancing to HARRY ROY & HIS BAND

MANAGING DIRECTOR - - - FRANCIS TOWLE

Gala at the Carlton

The crowded dance floor at the Carlton on Tuesday evening, when there is a special band and cabaret. Some of the Tuesdays have been in the Palm Court and some in the restaurant

be original one might talk about the Grill instead. And about it? Well, it 's quite the best place to dine if you don't want to compete with Piccadilly traffic. Next, it 's particularly sympathetic to young couples who have a lot to talk about and don't want to talk, but just look at each other. (There 's good authority for this.) Further, it 's a good idea to dine here without music if you are coming back to supper, with music and girls, in the restaurant. Further still, there 's a special menu of American dishes; hundreds of Americans stay at Grosvenor House, and hundreds of English people like U.S.A. food. And last, Charles presides, and he has not only the usual maître-d'hôtel's armoury of tact, urbanity, memory for faces, but a brilliant sense of humour.

Now about the restaurant, where Pastori takes charge of a nightly flock of supper-eaters such as this end of Park Lane has never seen before. That silver décor is a winner: everyone not only likes it, but talks about it. And the Girls' success is measured by the number of young men who attend regularly. There *is* something about these Americans that brings the young men around.

The Carlton

It 's a great gamble, this business of getting people to come to a restaurant, and a greater gamble still when the amusing people are the ones marked for collection. Five weeks have gone by since the Carlton went nap on Tuesdays: long enough to know that that particular gamble has come off. The Embassy, with its Thursdays, was about the first place to appropriate one night of the week to itself, and the fashion gradually spread. But concentrating on one night and one night only was a purely pioneer step—and people like it.

The cabarets each week have been excellently chosen, so has the band, and in consequence the dancing has been noticeably good.

People who 've been seen dancing or having supper, or both, include Lord Lurgan, Sir Harold Bowden, Lord Tiverton, William Astor, Lord Inverclyde, and June; the two last on the same evening, but in different parties.

Lunch time at the Carlton is, as it has always been, a good

Poulsen

A sketch by E. L. Merrett of the fair, broad-shouldered manager of the Café de Paris

time and place, particularly as a meeting-place for those who are City-bound for the rest of the day and their west-of-Piccadilly-Circus friends. There 's a certain amount of business talked, and a good many conversations of a more romantic kind are continued from the evening before. Here also was Princess Mdivani to be seen once or twice ; she 's always good copy wherever she goes.

The Bon Viveur

THERE was a big night here last week after the première of *Caravan*, at the Curzon. Erik Charell's first Hollywood picture brought out all the film first-nighters, and a whole crowd of them walked round into West Chapel Street for supper afterwards. The Marquis de Casa Maury and his partner, Captain H. G. Morrison, were both entertaining, and looking as pleased as the proverbial cat with their evening. Greta Nissen came in with Lord Chichester, Lady Mary Dunn was there ; Margaret Bannerman and Joan Barry were two more faces seen through the haze of celebrity.

Most of the members are knowledgeably " food-conscious," one of the reasons why they belong to the Club. It is well worth knowing something of the spécialités de la maison and then coming in with an appetite to match your discrimination. One of the star dishes on the menu is suprême de volaille Davico, which consists of wing of chicken fried in butter on thinly cut pineapple, served with tiny croquettes of sweet corn and a sauce that can't worthily be described and, anyway, is a secret.

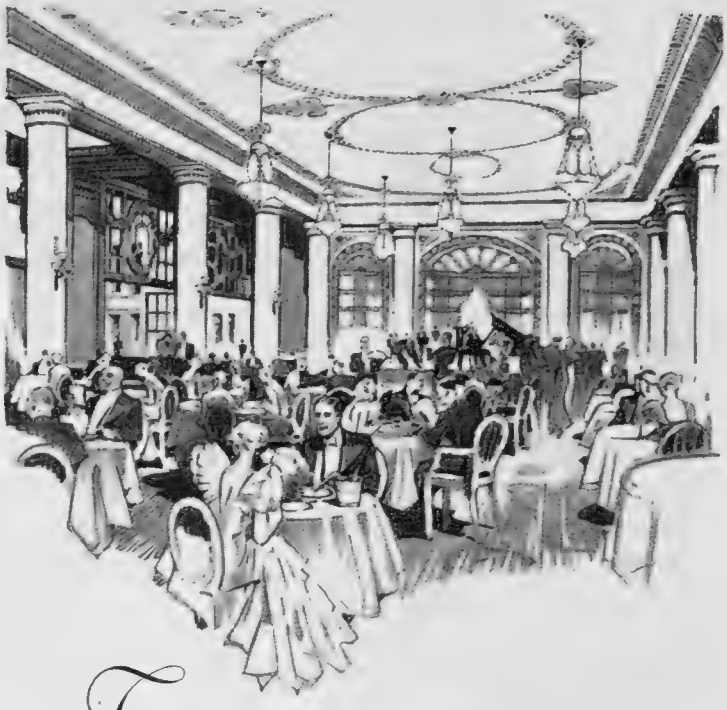
Café de la Paix

NEWS from the Café de la Paix is that Queenie Leonard and Cooper have this week succeeded Frisco as the entertainers—they sing and dance. Frisco, who is well known in Paris and Biarritz, where he has his own clubs, has been a great success over here.

Other plans are for a dress show at midnight, probably next week, by a Hanover Square firm who do a lot of stage and film work and who will display some of the dresses designed for actual shows. This ought to make a nice interlude to dancing. Then

The Café de la Paix

A supper-time view in Swallow Street, in the pleasantly decorated and lighted Café de la Paix



Tuesday nights at the

CARLTON

Dinner, Supper, Dancing and Exclusive Cabaret

Pall Mall, S.W.1. ● Whitehall 7300.

EXTENSION UNTIL 2 A.M.

le bon viveur

shepherd market, mayfair

direction v. davico

la cuisine par excellence

After the famous French Restaurant of Imperial St. Petersburg

Villa Rodet

Jermyn Street, St. James's.

PERFECT FOOD IN PEACEFUL SURROUNDINGS
Luncheons. Dinners. After-Theatre Suppers.
FRENCH CUISINE & RUSSIAN SPECIALITIES
Cocktail Foyer

SEPARATE AMERICAN BAR

Manager: Capt. V. Vivien. 'Phone: Regent 2371-2-3

Yacht Club Boys
every night
about midnight.
Jack Harris
and his famous Band.

Café de Paris

COVENTRY ST. W.1

Villa Rodet

The opening lunch at the Villa Rodet, in Jermyn Street, which is now the place to go for Russian food (pre-Soviet style)

there are to be fortnightly exhibitions of paintings and drawings on the walls of the foyer, the idea being to give young artists who would otherwise find it difficult to give exhibitions or to make themselves known, a chance to show their work.

The Café de la Paix has a great personality in the chef, Calletta, who is a real master of his art, and cooks game inimitably. He was at the Hotel de l'Europe in Rome for eleven years, and, curiously enough, so was Trepanni, who is now maître-d'hôtel under Bruni. These two, Calletta and Trepanni, are together again for the first time since their Roman days, twenty-three years ago.

Theatre Restaurant

IT isn't as far as a "lover's leap" from the Vaudeville to the Theatre Restaurant—one being next door to the other—so it's not surprising that the cast of the amusing play that's housed in the first have become regulars at the second. Owen Nares, Nora Swinburne and Ursula Jeans were lunching there together before a matinée the other day; Jeanne Stuart has been in, so has David Rhys, who knows all about food and its serving from his Dorchester experience, and so has Barbara Cartland, who has a new book out or just coming.

The Theatre Restaurant certainly has made the most of its short life: three months ago it didn't exist, and now most people know of "that new place in the Strand." For the benefit of those who haven't yet been there, it's necessary to emphasise again the real excellence of the food—ravioli, spaghetti, and the rest of the Italian specialities, are particularly well worth ordering; that prices are extraordinarily moderate; and that the service is quick and good.

Villa Rodet

THIS is something old and something new. What's old is the site in Jermyn Street—the Chatham Grill used to be here—and the name. Villa Rodet was a famous Russian restaurant in the days of the Czars, much frequented by members of the Imperial entourage, and known everywhere for its wonderful food. What's new is the fact that the same sort of food is now being served in London, the specialist in charge of this part of it being Mark Yaravoy. The decorations are new, too: the room is

(*Continued on page* i)

Au Lapin Blanc

The bar at the Bon Viveur, in West Chapel Street, with the impertinent rabbit after which it's been named sitting over the doorway

The Hertford Club

A corner of the lounge, showing the Adam fireplace, the lovely chandelier, the panelling and the ceiling. The Club is where Crockford's used to be

London Nights *(continued)*

now painted a sort of golden pink, specially chosen to compliment the women. There was a big opening lunch here a week or two back, attended by André Simon, terrifyingly expert on wine and food, Leslie Henson, and Heather Thatcher among a lot more. Sir John Milbanke, Mrs. Peter Thursby, Sir Henry White-Smith, Prince Belloselsky are a few names picked at random from among the people who 've lunched or dined since the opening. Capt. V. Vivian, a restaurateur of varied experience, is in command, with Carloni as maître d'hôtel. And, incidentally, there 's some very fine English and French cooking done here as well as the Russian style.

Hertford Club

HERE is another happy combination of old and new. The Hertford Club opened last July, in the Adam house that used to be Crockford's, as a mixed club where sociability is the first consideration and bridge very much a second. There is an amusing modern cocktail bar on the ground floor, a lounge with fine panelling and an Adam fireplace, and the dining-room on the first floor, and, above, another sitting-room and the card-room, low and wide, and panelled in cedar-coloured wood. So that the Hertford is not one of these vast hotel-like clubs, where the new member needs a page-boy to stop him getting lost, but small and comfortable and very pleasant as to atmosphere. The percentage of members who actually use the place is amazingly high.

Members who want to be residential can do so at the Park Lane Hotel, or at Carlton Court, in Down Street, if they want a suite, at appropriately "club" prices. The subscription to the Club is quite low, and a few original members will still be accepted without entrance fee.

The Ice Club, Westminster

THE winter season is in full skate here, and whatever tricks the hopelessly variable outdoor temperature is playing, inside the Ice Club walls you get what you expect—perfect rink weather. The glass-enclosed restaurant has made dining to watch the skating one of the pleasantest ways of entertaining or being entertained.

To-morrow night the "Spanish" Gala takes place, with an Andalusian ballet on the ice. These galas always produce in everyone the authentic Continental gala mood, and the exhibitions of skating are often quite brilliant.

Lunch at the Theatre Restaurant

Ricci looking after two of the habitués of the Theatre Restaurant—Nora Swinburne and Owen Nares ordering lunch before a Vaudeville matinée

INTIMATE AND BOHEMIAN

LUNCH AND DINNER AND SUPPER AT THE THEATRE RESTAURANT

OPPOSITE THE TIVOLI ● ADJOINING THE VAUDEVILLE

Londons newest rendezvous before and after the Cinema and Theatre

See the new Show, "Lovers' Leap," at the Vaudeville, then supper here afterwards. Aux choix or table d'hote, fully licensed.

Opposite Tivoli

Meet RICCI, THE MAITRE d'HOTEL (Late Savoy)

● TEMPLE BAR 2205 ● 405 STRAND, W.C.2

Café de la Paix *Regent 2939.*

and Windsor Grill *Regent 1380.*

99-101, Regent Street (Entrance in Swallow Street).

To welcome and look after you for Lunch, Dinner or Supper: *Bruni (late Café de Paris) and Trapani (late Romano's and Hotel de Paris), Joseph (late Romano's) & Louis (late Ciro's).*

To cook for you: *CALETTA, from the Hotel Excelsior, Rome.*

To Amuse you: *QUEENIE LEONARD and EDWARD COOPER.*

To play for you: *DARE LEA'S Café de la Paix Band and JOSE NORMAN'S Cuban Band.*

On November 22nd, for One Night only, at Midnight, Creations by TINLING, of Hanover Street, W.1.

GLOAG'S GROUSE BRAND WHISKY

No Party is Complete Without it

A CASE TO YOUR FRIENDS AT CHRISTMAS, IS A GIFT SURE OF APPRECIATION.

Supplied carriage paid in Great Britain in cases of

12 bottles for £7 10 0
6 " " £3 15 0
3 " " £1 17 6

Ask for it from your Wine Merchant, but if difficult to obtain, send 25/- for 2 bottles for trial, post free to

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON
PERTH, SCOTLAND
Established in 1800

Obtainable abroad from—

S. RHODESIA—The "GROUSE" Agency, Box 678, Salisbury.
KENYA — —Jardin, Ltd., Nairobi and Mombasa.
TANGIER— —Rhys H. Evans. Etc.
GIBRALTAR—M. Baglietto.
JAMAICA —H. M. Kalphat, Kingston.
BERMUDA —J. E. Lightbourn & Co., Hamilton. Etc.

Sport with the Lid Off *(Cont. from page 313)*

certainly have been included. But Westwood's defection has given Clifford Bastin, the young Arsenal star, a further chance in England's team. I am glad of this. Bastin is one of the cleverest players in football to-day: subtle, strong, and fearless, with the natural instinct to find the weak spots in the opposition.

The Selectors, too, have shown wisdom in selecting Copping, the Arsenal half-back, to play directly behind Bastin. Copping is a ninety-minute man. This fact, together with Copping's obvious knowledge of Bastin's methods, will make England's left flank the danger point to Italy.

Meanwhile, Italy are taking the match very solemnly. As I have stated in these columns, they have issued most grandiloquent pronouncements on the game; indeed, I, for one, am getting just a little tired of hearing of "Italy's need to win this match for the sake of her national honour." What bunk it is, to be sure. After all, win or lose, what does it matter?

Mr. Edgar Hart (Chairman), Major J. Walker (Secretary), Mr. John Crosby (Director), Mr. Atwood, Mr. James Quick (Director), Sir Harry Lauder, George Duncan (the Golf Club's professional), and Mr. Eric Crosby (Director), in the bar of the Mere Golf and Country Club, which, with its course, swimming-pool and gardens, occupies 231 Cheshire acres. The first nine holes will be open early in January, but already the Mere Golf Club has a multitude of members

HOWEVER, there it is; the Continental idea of sport is still a mighty long way behind ours. And for this reason, perhaps, one can congratulate the Rugby Union on their firmness—at least for the present—in refusing to be embroiled in games with European countries.

Already there has been not a little bad blood over the ticket problem for the Italian match. The Italian sporting Press has accused the Arsenal of discourtesy over the allocation of seats. Truth is, of course, Italy's supporters have been treated very handsomely, being allotted 2000 tickets for the 9000 bookable seats at Highbury Stadium.

AFTER the storm and stress of international "Soccer," let 's finish on a quieter note. At Oxford they are patting themselves on the back at finding a first-class sprinter in the freshman E. A. R. Davies. Bevil Rudd tells me that Davies is a "find": on a cold day, with a damp track and a head wind, he clocked 10 2/5th seconds in a heat of the 100 yards, while some of the seniors were plodding hard to beat 11 seconds.

The form of Davies is the one bright spot to lighten the Oxford gloom. The Dark Blues are faced with a hard problem to find middle-distance men for the relays against Cambridge next month. There are hopes that E. F. Drake, A. R. Maxwell-Hyslop and M. H. Ferguson will eventually "deliver the goods," but just now the outlook is far from bright.

The Ideal Liqueur for Entertaining

Always choose GRANT'S LIQUEURS—made by the famous house for Cherry Brandy—THOS. GRANT & SONS — over 150 years' reputation for wonderful quality.

CHERRY BRANDY, CRÊME deMENTHE, SLOE GIN, etc.

Welcome Always
Keep it Handy

Little Lady Liqueur

GRANT'S
MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY

TANGIER
"THE NEAREST EAST."
NEVER TOO HOT—NEVER TOO COLD.
SPEND XMAS IN SUNNY TANGIER
ALL INFORMATION:—
OFFICIAL TOURIST OFFICE, TANGIER.

Absolutely unretouched photograph of the same eyes, before and after treatment. Published with the client's permission.

All treatments are painless and are given personally by the inventor of the Hystogen-Derma Process. The results are lasting for life.

EYES set in loose, wrinkled skin tell of age, worry, misfortune and ill health. This imperfection of the skin destroys the natural expression of even the brightest eyes.

The Hystogen method corrects painlessly and permanently all facial imperfections, and saves the face from premature decay; it removes and corrects facial blemishes, whether congenital or the result of age, delicate health, or accident.

The Hystogen method is a triumph of art and science. It is the only scientific and genuine method to improve the face, approved by the Medical Profession of the world. 10,000 men and women have already benefited by this miraculous method, without the aid of which many would have to retire from active life. Call for a free consultation with a well-qualified physician, or write for literature. Hours 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. If in doubt, call with your doctor.

THE HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE (EST. 1911)
40, Baker Street, London, W.1. Tel.: Welbeck 5846

Readers of
THE SPHERE
are invited to make use of the free facilities afforded by
THE
SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Advice to readers, for which no charge is made, is gladly given on all aspects of travel. Transportation by air, rail, sea or road, hotel accommodation, clothing and equipment—in short, advice and information upon any matter which merits prior consideration in connection with travel.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, STRAND, LONDON

THE BYSTANDER
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
(Revised from January 1, 1935).

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, No Extras	Three Months, No Extras
Inland ..	£ s. d. 3 0 10	£ s. d. 1 11 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Canada ..	£ s. d. 3 0 8	£ s. d. 1 10 6	£ s. d 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Elsewhere Abroad ..	£ s. d. 3 5 0	£ s. d. 1 13 8	£ s. d. 1 11 4	s. d. 15 9

In all cases including postage.

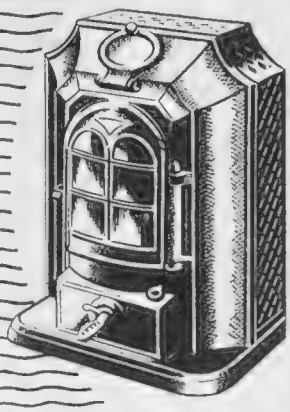
ORDER FORM.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF
The Bystander,
346, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send me THE BYSTANDER
weekly for ..... months
commencing with the issue of
.....
for which I enclose .....
Name .....
Address .....
Date ..... 1934.

Postage Rates: INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d.

CONTINUOUS HEATING



FOR 3D A DAY

ESSE

PATENT STOVES for anthracite or other smokeless fuel

FULL DETAILS FROM DEPT. B.S.3.

SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND

Also at 11, Ludgate Circus, LONDON, E.C.4, Liverpool, Edinburgh & Glasgow.

"RUGGED WEATHER"

A Superb Study of an Ocean Tramp Labouring in Heavy Winter Seas

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

FRANK H. MASON, R.I.,

has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY. There are two editions, as follows:—

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 30 only) £2:2:0
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) £1:1:0

The actual size of the print is 17 inches by 10½ inches.

Other Prints after FRANK H. MASON are—

"THE GOLDEN GALLEON."
"THE 'BOLIVAR'."
"THE ROARING FORTIES."
"THE NIGHT MAIL."
"IN COMPANY."
"LANDFALL."
"WHEN SAILS BEAT STEAM."
"'MUSKOKA' UNDER ALL PLAIN SAIL."

Particulars on application.

To be obtained from all Printsellers, or by post (Inland Registered Postage 1/- extra) from—

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1

Here's that Remarkable NEW Make-Up

so many women are asking about

WRONG MAKE-UP

gives a "hard" "cheap" look

These pictures, both of the same model, show the difference between right and wrong make-up

RIGHT MAKE-UP

provides a natural seductiveness — free of all artificiality

ACTUALLY MATCHES THE COLOUR OF THE HUMAN BLOOD

THERE is now a *new* and utterly different way in make-up . . . the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colourist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in colour that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating colour of the human blood.

End That "Cheap," "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial colour.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in Make-up.

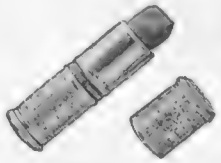
What It's Called

It is called ROUGE ANGELUS Louis Philippe. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form. You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Rouge Angelus Louis Philippe. You'll be amazed at what it does for you. *See the marvellously gay*—new *daytime colours—Pandora and Poppy.*

The LITTLE RED BOX for Lips and Cheeks



The LIPSTICK

Louis Philippe

ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS

The Editor's Box

An Alternative to "Counting Sheep"

Everybody knows the effect of coming in from the cold and sitting in front of a warm fire: one falls off to sleep in a comfortable, relaxed condition, which is, incidentally, particularly beneficial to health.

The ideal is to go to bed in a cold room, feel cold—more or less—whilst undressing, and then retire into a warm bed. The obvious effect is to send one off to sleep almost immediately, and, what is more, this quick sleep is always the most refreshing.

To replace the old-fashioned hot-water bottle, Thermega Ltd. supply a three-heat pad, which is also for the relief of pain in lumbago, rheumatism, rheumatoid arthritis, etc. In such cases, the three heats are invaluable: full till relief is obtained, and then a lower temperature. The blanket is switched on before retiring for two or three hours, according to the weather.

The cost of running the pad where current is cheap is often less than boiling water for hot-water bottles, as the normal service is sixteen hours per unit of electricity, but, of course, its great advantage is the constant temperature throughout.

All the appliances are thermostatically controlled, and the range of their use covers practically everything from a prematurely-born baby to a Schneider Cup racing machine. Electrically-heated floor and car mats are also available.

For Christmas, "Thermega" provides one of the finest and most appreciated gifts—one which is not thrown aside, but used probably the same day—in any case, the same night.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions: October Monthly Medal Results

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

In addition, a Challenge Cup and memento are given annually for the player who wins the most BYSTANDER spoons during the year.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. G. E. Daseley	Northamptonshire Cty.	79	8	71	78	8 below
Mrs Harley	Heswall	83	16	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs E. M. Rhodes	Knaresborough	71	5	66	72	6 ,,
Miss Ruth Brown	Chislehurst	76	11	65	71	6 ,,
Mrs. E. Brewer	Cleethorpes	79	13	66	72	6 ,,
Miss C. M. Weir	Erskine	83	14	69	75	6 ,,
Mrs. S. M. Cogan	Radcliffe-on-Trent	81	17	64	70	6 ,,
Mrs. R. T. Peel	West Hill	71	scr.	71	76	5 ,,
Miss M. Wilkinson	Gosforth Park	78	7	71	76	5 ,,
Miss K. Bentley	Weston-super-Mare	75	4	71	75	4 ,,
Mrs. Stronach	West Hill	81	9	72	76	4 ,,
Mrs. D. B. Pryor	Sudbury	81	11	70	74	4 ,,
Miss M. Brennan	West Kent	86	12	74	78	4 ,,
Mrs. H. A. Golden	Royal Blackheath	82	12	70	74	4 ,,
Miss R. D. Parker	Warrington	84	13	71	75	4 ,,

Bronze Division (Handicaps 19 to 36)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss S. Battersby	North Hants	92	29	63	74	11 below
Miss E. Pitts	Goodwood	99	36	63	74	11 ,,
Mrs. Collins	Kingsthorpe	93	28	65	74	9 ,,
Mrs. F. Abraham	Market Rasen	94	36	58	67	9 ,,
Mrs. M. Carman	Sundridge Park	94	27	67	75	8 ,,
Mrs. Roberts	St. Anne's Old Links	102	36	66	74	8 ,,

Monthly Medal Competition

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. L. M. Currie	Irvine	100	30	70	77	7 below
Mrs. John Stewart	Calcot	101	32	69	76	7 ,,
Mrs. F. Jones	Kingsthorpe	103	36	67	74	7 ,,
Miss E. Loch	Chislehurst	84	19	65	71	6 ,,
Miss D. Waite	Market Rasen	80	19	61	67	6 ,,
Miss M. Morfin	Thoncok	88	23	66	72	6 ,,
Mrs. E. Townend	Hillside	100	31	69	75	6 ,,
Mrs. Bennett	Prestbury and Upton	97	26	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. Beaumont	The Links, Newmarket	98	28	70	75	5 ,,

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON NOVEMBER

Name { Mrs. / Miss .....

Address .....

.....

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

This famous NATURAL Mineral Water is invaluable in affections of the LIVER. Owing to the Salts and other mineral elements which it contains it flushes the system and repels liverish tendencies.

The unique properties of VICHY-CÉLESTINS are recognised by Physicians throughout the world.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half-an-hour before the three daily meals.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,
BANGOR WHARF, 45, BELVEDERE RD., LONDON, S.E.1.

LITTLEHAMPTON
SUSSEX BY THE SEA

PERFECT mild winter climate in unique sheltered spot below the Downs. Splendid sunshine records, and recommended by doctors as ideal winter seaside resort. All sports, including golf. Lowest winter terms. *Write for Brochure No. 43, Council Offices.*

REMOVALS, STORAGE, SHIPPING
ESTIMATES FREE
HAMPTONS: PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1
DEPOSITORY: QUEEN'S ROAD, BATTERSEA, S.W.8
PHONES: MACAULAY 3434

here's colour—here's brightness

Charmingly decorative lit or unlit, Price's Art Candles in many designs and shades give a delightful note of colour and finish to your home. Very lovely are the new Matched Candle Sets illustrated here.
Colourful and modern in design, these inexpensive sets make charming gifts. Do not fail to see them at your dealer's.

PRICE'S
art candles
AND
MATCHED CANDLE SETS

FREE C1/4/80 Send for "Colour in the Home"—a guide to the complete range of Price's Art Candles beautifully printed in full colour. Write to Price's (Dept. K1), London, S.W.11.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, LONDON, W.1.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1934.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

HOW to DRESS WELL

ON SMALL PAYMENTS THAT PASS UNNOTICED IN YOUR MONTHLY EXPENDITURE

OPEN a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR, the Largest High Class Extended Credit House in Great Britain—the only firm with whom even non-householders can open an account without any references or deposit whatever.

VISIT our magnificent showrooms for WINTER COATS, GOWNS, KNITTED-WEAR, FURS, FUR COATS, MILLINERY, SHOES, UNDERWEAR.

IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO CALL, our specially trained Staff in the Mail-Order Department guarantee to fit you to perfection by post.

"BARBARA" This Smart Winter Coat is in all-wool cloth. Musquash Collar and trimming of fur on sleeves. Lined Celanese. Brown, Navy, Black and all new colours. Sizes: SW., W., WX. **Price 8 gns.**

20/- Monthly

Write for Beautifully illustrated **FUR** Catalogue

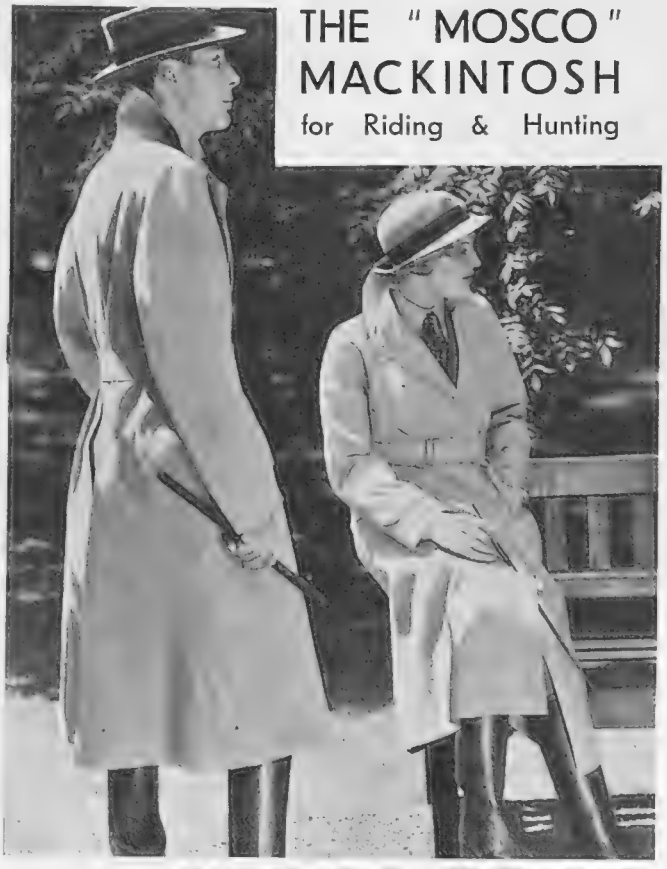
WRITE Today for beautifully Illustrated Winter CATALOGUE of Ladies Latest Fashions, sent post free. ADDRESS IN FULL TO DEPT. M.22.

Smartwear LTD.

263-271, REGENT STREET, OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1.

Phone: Mayfair 6241-2-3-4-5-6.

Brighton: 40-42, West St. Birmingham: 94, Corporation St.
Nottingham: 20, Milton St. Belfast: 10, Donegall Place.



THE "MOSCO" MACKINTOSH

for Riding & Hunting

Cut on the lines of a Cavalry Overcoat, the "Mosco" Mackintosh gives complete protection

Illustrated Catalogue sent on request.

Temple Bar 3341.

MOSS BROS & CO. LTD.

COVENT GARDEN

(CORNER OF KING ST. & BEDFORD ST.). W.C.2.

Pure Silk Washing Satin combined with fine lace in

A Nightdress

. . . by Debenhams

Catalogue Post Free.

A Delightful Nightdress

of heavy quality pure silk washing satin; it ties at the back and has a waistcoat effect, and puff sleeves of fine washing lace. In peach, ivory, sky, primrose, parchment and green

49/6

Large size, 59/6

(Sent on approval)

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE ST., W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

As You Desire Me.—An interesting performance by Jean Forbes-Robertson in Pirandello's play, with Peter Godfrey, Clifford Bartlett, Kynaston Reeves: Royalty, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.40.

Clive of India.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife, in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Ding and Co.—A play by C. K. Munro, with Ronald Adam, Vernon Sylvaine: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Eden End.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine; Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Family Affairs.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

It Happened to Adam.—A comedy by David Boehm, with Edward Chapman, Richard Bird, Diana Beaumont, Margaret Gunn: Duke of York's, 8.30.

Libel!—A legal play that 's as tense as most crook stuff, with Malcolm Keen, Austin Trevor, and Doris Lytton: Aldwych, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40. Last week.

Living Dangerously.—First-class entertainment, with a good trial scene before the Medical Council; George Relph as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Lover's Leap.—A gay and pleasant entertainment, with Owen Nares as a husband, Nora Swinburne as his wife, and Ursula Jeans and Walter Hudd as a half-hearted courting couple: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Moonlight is Silver.—Gertrude Lawrence gay and graceful as the wife, Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., as her jealous husband, Barry Jones excellent as her supposed lover, in Clemence Dane's drawing-room comedy: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Much Ado About Nothing.—Mary Newcombe as Beatrice, Maurice Evans as Benedick, Abram Sofaer as Don Pedro in a production that 's pantomimic but full of vitality: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Shining Hour.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrienne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Sweet Aloes.—Jay Mallory's unconvincing and novelette plot made credible by Diana Wynyard's fine acting, and good work by Hartley Power and Kathleen Wilson: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Theatre Royal.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Laurence Olivier dashing as a screen lover; the theme is grease paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Touch Wood.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Wind and the Rain.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

The Wise Woman.—A new play by Lesley Storm, with Mary Clare as a fashionable clairvoyant; Hugh Wright as her husband; Ena Moon as her daughter Criterion, 8.30.

With Music

Blackbirds of 1934.—An all-black revue hurled across with lightning speed, rhythm, and slickness; Lew Leslie conducts the band; Valaida, Edith Wilson, Tim Moore, Louise Madison, Nyas Berry, Peg-Leg Bates are some of the stars: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

Hi-Diddle-Diddle!—June, Douglas Byng, and Reginald Gardiner in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Lucky Break.—It 's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Merrie England.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Revuedeville No. 50.—Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain, and Edna Thompson, Morgan Davies, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

Sporting Love.—In this all-laughing success are Stanley Lupino as king-laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Streamline.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast; Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Yes, Madam?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

Admirals All.—Laura la Plante as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

The Drunkard: or, The Fallen Saved.—A melodrama of 1843, played without burlesque: Saville, 9.

Hyde Park Corner.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Murder in Mayfair.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist, Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him and was murdered, Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Queer Cargo.—Adventures on a tramp steamer in the China Seas; Drusilla Wills is the girl; Franklin Dyall, Barry Livesey, and Robert Hale as some of the men: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Ten-Minute Alibi.—Bernard Lee is the hero of this most successful of crook plays, which has run for nearly two years: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Vintage Wine.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Youth at the Helm.—An entertaining farcical comedy from Vienna, with Jack Melford as the penniless young man who puts up a big business bluff: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., 6.15 and 9.15. Sat., 2.30.

First Night

Hamlet.—John Gielgud as Hamlet, Frank Vosper as Claudius, Laurie Cowie as the Queen, Jessica Tandy as Ophelia, Jack Hawkins as Horatio, and William Devlin as the Ghost: New, November 14th.

CINEMAS

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back.—Ronald Colman as the dashing hero, Loretta Young as the heroine: Marble Arch Pavilion.

The Camels are Coming.—Jack Hulbert's new film, where he gets loose in Egypt; Anna Lee is the girl: New Gallery.

Caravan.—Erik Charell's gypsy musical piece, with Loretta Young, Charles Boyer, Phillip Holmes, and Jean Parker: Curzon.

The Cat's Paw.—The latest fantasia of another of the world's king funny-men—Harold Lloyd: Capitol.

Chained.—Joan Crawford is chained by love to Clark Gable, by marriage to Otto Kruger, and this is the result: Empire.

Le Dernier Milliardaire.—René Clair's new masterpiece, as gay as and more satirical than ever: Academy.

Of Human Bondage.—Fine acting by Leslie Howard: Regal.

Jew Süss.—A great film superbly acted; Conrad Veidt as the Jew, Gerald du Maurier, Cedric Hardwicke, Frank Vosper, Benita Hume: Tivoli, to November 14th.

The Last Gentleman.—In George Arliss's last Hollywood film he is an American grandfather, full of eccentric humour and crabbed shrewdness: Leicester Square.

One Night of Love.—Another and excellent singing love-tale, with Grace Moore as the chief singer, plus Lyle Talbot, and Tullio Carminati: Carlton.

We Live Again.—Anna Sten gives a fine performance as the peasant girl in the film of Tolstoy's *Resurrection*; Fredric March plays opposite her: London Pavilion.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch.—Pauline Lord as Mrs. Wiggs, Evelyn Venable, Zasu Pitts, W. C. Fields, Kent Taylor: Plaza.

The World Moves On.—Madeleine Carroll's big Hollywood picture, with Franchot Tone playing opposite her; in the *Cavalcade* style: Tivoli, from November 15th.

OPERA AND BALLET

At Sadler's Wells.—

Les Sylphides, The Jar, and The Haunted Ballroom: to-night, 8.30.

Die Fledermaus: First performance by the Vic-Wells Company: November 14th, 8.

The Marriage of Figaro: November 15th, 8.

Faust: With full ballet: November 16th, 8.

Casse Noisette and Job: November 17th, 2.30.

Die Fledermans: November 17th, 8.

Agnes de Mille.—Third and last dance recital: Mercury, November 14th.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

Royal Society of Portrait Painters: Royal Institute Galleries, from November 14th.

Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours: At 5a, Pall Mall East.

The London Group: New Burlington Galleries.

"Sunday Times" Book Exhibition: Grosvenor House.

Arts and Crafts, to-day and yesterday: Central Hall, Westminster, from November 14th.

Armistice Exhibition.—And sale of goods made by war-disabled men: Imperial Institute, South Kensington, November 8th-22nd.

Public Health: Agricultural Hall, from November 19th.

(*Continued on page C*)

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere—see Telephone Directory

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

ESCAPE!

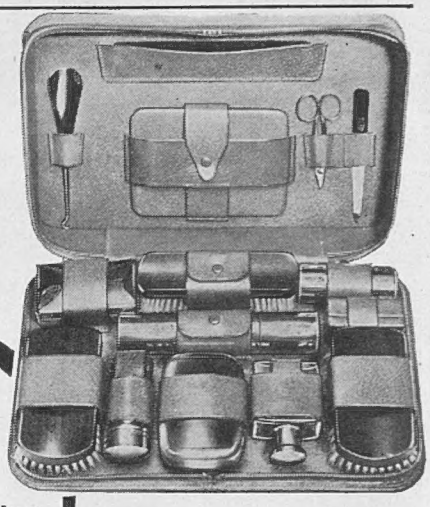
Torquay provides a wonderful opportunity of avoiding the Autumn and Winter climate of the rest of these islands. A mere glance at the sunshine records of this most favoured of resorts is almost sufficient to give one a slight tan!

Incidentally, in addition to golf on the Championship Short Course in the grounds of the Palace Hotel, guests now have the further privilege of free golf on the beautifully situated 18-hole links of the Torbay Country Club.

There is everything to do at the Palace—from squash to talkies, and the terms are all-inclusive.

PALACE HOTEL TORQUAY

THE HOUSE FOR PRESENTS



A visit to FINNIGANS Showrooms will solve your gift problems

GENTLEMAN'S COMPACT TOILET CASE

in limp pigskin with "Zip" fastening. Fitted 15 pieces. Ironwood backed brushes and chromium fittings.

Size (closed) 13 x 8¼ x 2¼ in.

Price **£7 . 7 . 0**

One example from our large stock.

Finnigans

17-20 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

SO YOU, TOO

use Dr Pierre's . . . . might have known by the whiteness of your teeth. A great dentifrice . . . . antiseptic oils of cinnamon, mint, cloves and aniseed, I believe. Puts paste and powders right in the shade.

Dr. PIERRE'S

Liquid **DENTIFRICE**

A Dentifrice for the Discriminating. Sold by Chemists and High-Class Stores at 2/-, 3/6, 5/6, 8/6, or post free from:—

SAVORY & MOORE, LTD., 61, WELBECK STREET, W.1

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES! Increased my own height to 6' 3½" ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s. Particulars (mailed privately) 2½d. stamp. S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. *(P.O. Box 15.)*

BENGER'S Food

Nourishes and strengthens the Invalid.

What's On

(Continued from page B)

MUSIC

Orchestral

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—Malcolm Sargent conducts the L.P.O.; the programme includes Handel's Water Music, William Walton's Symphony No. 1, and Schumann's Concerto in A minor (Edwin Fischer): Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.15.

B.B.C.—Sir Henry Wood conducts a programme that includes Bach and Haydn concertos (Casals as soloist), Mozart's Haffner Symphony, Strauss, and Wagner: Queen's Hall, November 14th, 8.30.

L.S.O.—Albert Coates conducts the first performance in London of his Pickwick Scherzo; Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, and Scriabin's Poëme de l'Extase; Vera de Villiers sings: Queen's Hall, November 19th, 8.15.

Recitals

GUILA BUSTABO.—Return visit of this violinist: Aeolian Hall, to-night, 8.15.

MURIEL WILSON.—Song recital: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.30.

PAVEL LUDIKAR.—Song recital: Aeolian Hall, November 14th, 8.30.

MARCEL GRANDJANZ.—Harp recital: Wigmore Hall, November 14th, 8.30.

BALBINA BRAININA.—Piano recital: Grotrian Hall, November 15th, 8.30.

GASPAR CASSADÓ: 'Cello recital: Wigmore Hall, November 15th, 8.30.

PAMELA NORRIS.—Piano recital, with the New London Orchestra: Aeolian Hall, Nov. 15th, 8.30.

BOROVSKY.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, November 16th, 8.30.

MARIE ROZE and JEAN DU CHASTAIN.—Song and piano recital. Aeolian Hall, November 16th, 8.30.

THE TUDOR SINGERS.—Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, November 16th, 8.15.

SCHNABEL.—Fourth Mozart-Schubert-Schumann sonata recital: Queen's Hall, November 17th, 3.

VITYA VRONSKY and VICTOR BABIN.—Two piano recitals: Aeolian Hall, November 17th, 3.15.

ELENA GERHARDT.—London Leider concert; a Hugo Wolf programme: Hyde Park Hotel, November 18th, 9.

PIATIGORSKY.—'Cello recital: Wigmore Hall, November 19th, 8.15.

ISRAEL HOFFMAN.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, November 19th, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Walsh and Barker sing some songs; Louis Simmonds and his band play extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—The Yacht Club Boys are still in London, and are they popular? Jack Harris is here, and is he popular?: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea's band, and José Norman and his Cubans; Queenie Leonard and Cooper appear at midnight.

CARLTON.—Special cabaret and dance band every Tuesday (extension); dancing other nights to Tapponier's band.

DORCHESTER.—"Les Girls" in the new autumn edition of Midnight Follies, plus some first-class turns, appear at midnight: extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Another glittering company of girls—Félix Ferry's Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—are here: extension night, Thursday.

SILVER GRILL, Ashford Road, Maidstone.—A good place to dine on the Folkestone Road; really excellent food, including caviare and oysters, and service.

THEATRE RESTAURANT.—Small, but excellent; a good chef and a good cellar; Ricci, late of the Savoy and Claridge's, is in charge (opposite Tivoli).

VILLA RODET.—Food is the thing here, and specially Russian food. No music.

Ballrooms

THE BALL OF THE FUTURE.—In aid of Guy's Hospital: Dorchester, to-night.

'This dainty 'KIRBISET' Outfit with its wonderful setting lotion and useful selection of Kirbigrip wave setters must always be on my toilet table."

David Stamp Taylor

The "KIRBISET" meets the need for a handy, combined wave-setting outfit that is at once of great utility and attractiveness. Your toilet table is incomplete without the "KIRBISET" Outfit, where you have delicately perfumed lotion and KIRBIGRIP wave setters always handy.

Of all good class Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores.

IN TWO SIZES 1/6 & 2/6

the KIRBISET WAVE SETTING OUTFIT

Made in England by KIRBY, BEARD & Co., Ltd., Birmingham, London & Redditch.

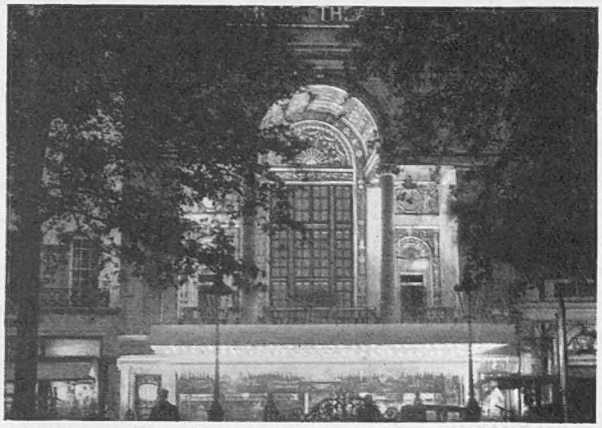
Patentees of the Kirbigrip Bobby pins

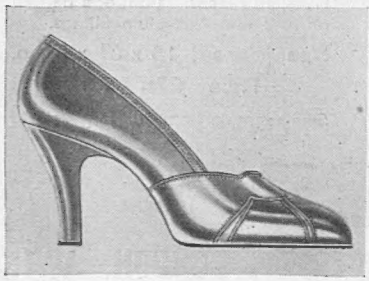
It is generally acknowledged . . .

. . . that the Shoe Salons at Marshall & Snelgrove's are the most conveniently arranged in the West End; there are special sections for Evening Shoes, Walking Shoes, Sports Shoes and Spectator Sports, and exclusive models for special occasions.

1.—COLOURED BROCADE COURT SHOE with Gold or Silver Kid trimming, smart Louis XV heel. Priced at, pair 35/9

1

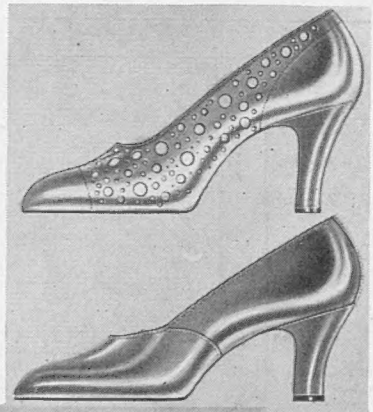




2.—SANDAL COURT SHOE, Louis XV heel, in Gold Kid with Silver Kid piping and Silver Kid with Gold Kid piping. Priced at, pair 84/-

Also in Black Crêpe with Silver Kid piping and Brown Crêpe with Gold Kid piping. Priced at, pair 69/6

2

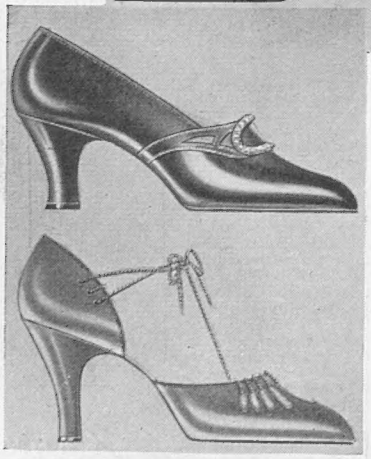


3

4

3.—THE "AVEX" COURT SHOE with Louis XV heel, in Gold or Silver Kid, Black or Beige Crêpe-de-Chine; Brown, Navy, Black or Stone Glacé; Black Patent, and Black Suede. Priced at, pair 63/-

4.—VERY SMART COURT SHOE, in Gold or Silver Kid with Louis XV heel Priced at, pair 38/9



5

6

5.—CHIC BUCKLE COURT SHOE with Louis XV heel, in Brown, Bronze and Black Glace, and Brown, Blue and Black Suede. Priced at, pair 59/6

Any of these Shoes will be sent on approval.

6.—EXCLUSIVE MODEL in Crêpe-de-Chine, in Black, Red and Green. Priced at, pair 63/-

Marshall & Snelgrove

MAYFAIR 6600 (OSBORNE LTD.)

Vere Street and Oxford Street

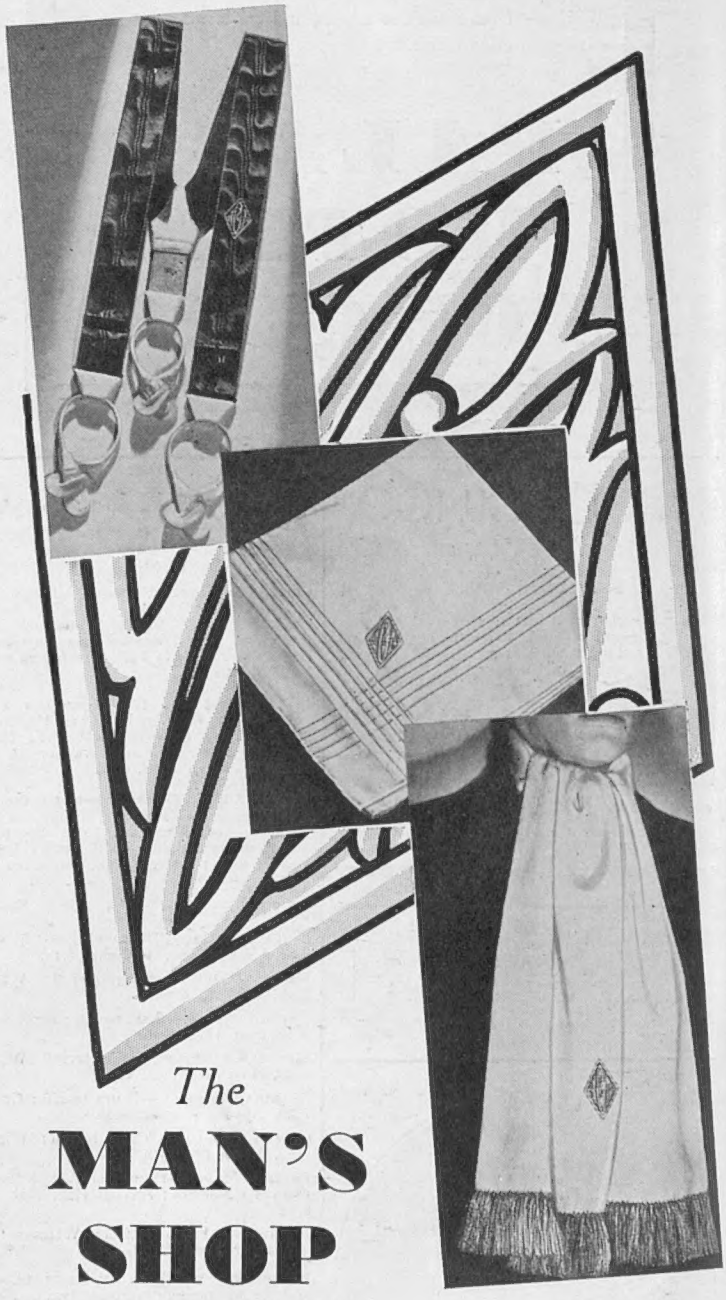
LONDON · W · 1

MONOGRAMS

give the personal touch

Harrods are offering a novel gift group of scarf, braces and handkerchief, with the recipient's monogram embroidered and cut out by hand.

- **THE SCARF:** Heavy Crêpe Silk with black and white, or white silk fringe. Including a hand-embroidered cut-out monogram up to three letters **35/6**
- **THE BRACES:** Made by hand, with gut ends covered in Kid. Black or white. Including hand-embroidered cut-out monogram up to two letters **21/-**
- **THE HANDKERCHIEF:** Fine quality White Crêpe Silk with hand-rolled edges and striped satin borders in black and white, or white. Including a hand-embroidered cut-out monogram up to two letters **10/6**



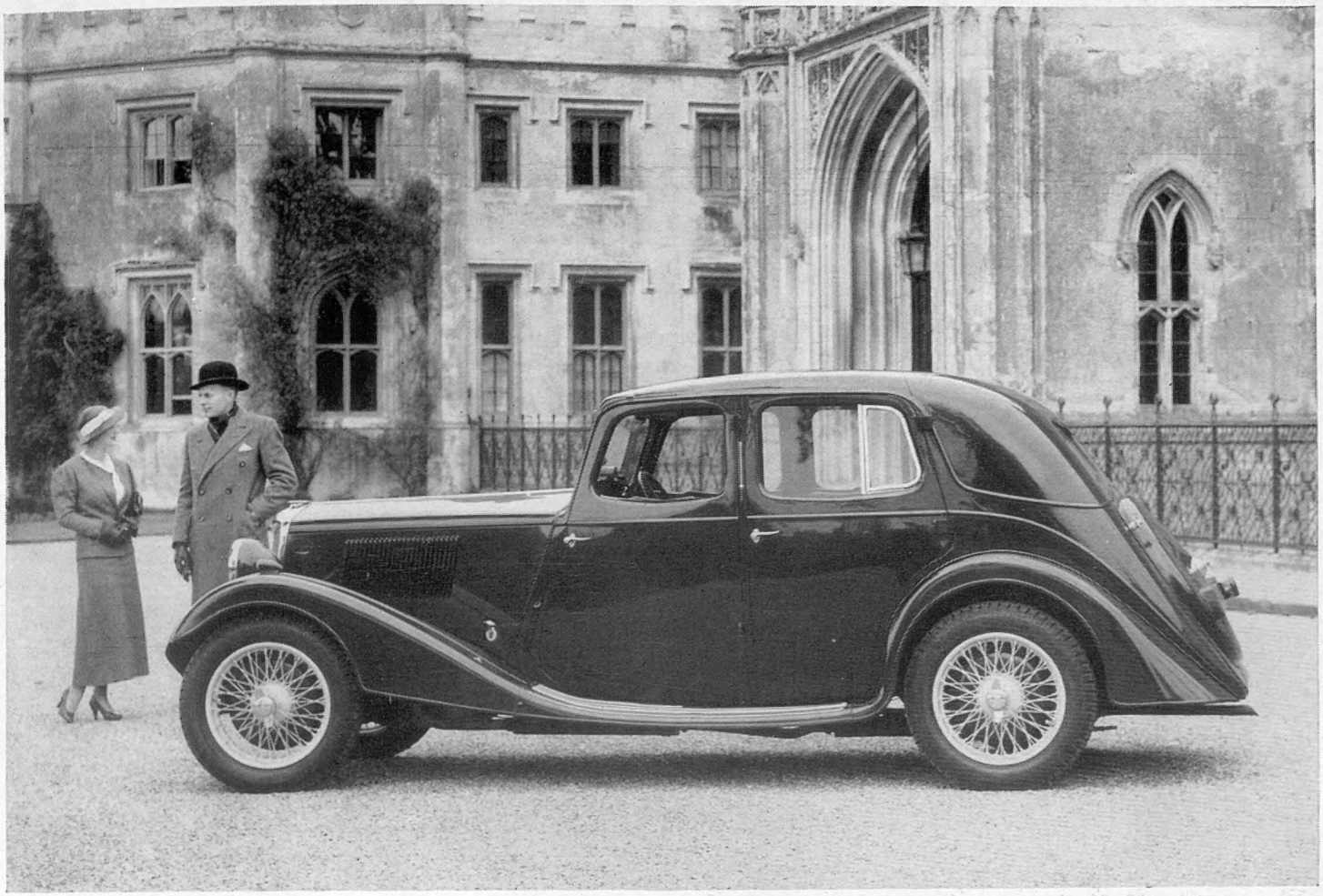
The

MAN'S SHOP

Harrods

Come and see the skilled embroiderers at work in Harrods Man's Shop this week.

Harrods Ltd London SW1



RILEY DESIGNS A NEW "SIX"

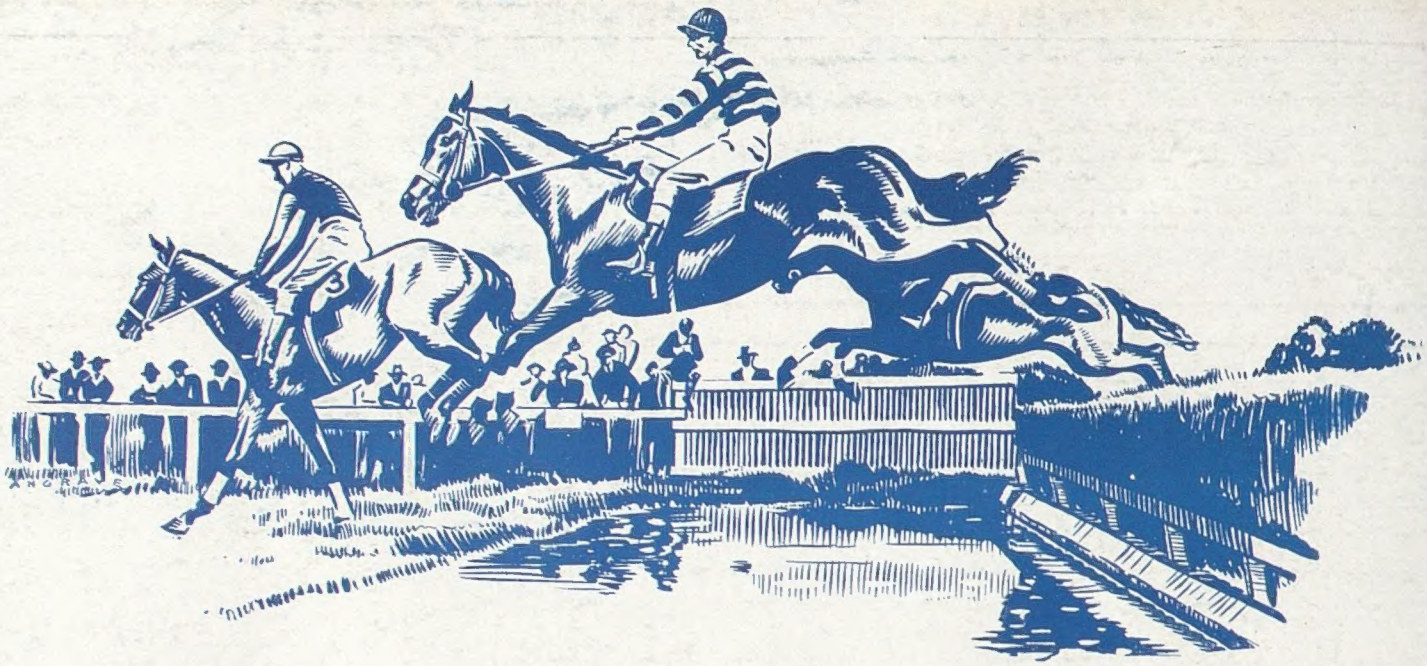
Everyone knows to what successive peaks of efficiency Riley engineers have brought the four cylinder engine. You can imagine—or can you?—what they do with a "Six!"

As the Riley 1½ Litre is quite the outstanding car in the 4-cylinder class, so is this new 6-cylinder 15 h.p. model in its own particular sphere.

For those who are able to appreciate the real advantages of the larger engine—who buy cars wisely on definite performance rather than blindly on mere cubic capacity—this new Riley, first exhibited at Olympia with, deliberately, no blare of trumpets, will be a revelation.

More than one experienced motorist has described it briefly as "a marvellous motor car." The more critical you are the more we shall value your opinion.

Six Cylinder Falcon £365
Six Cylinder Kestrel £375
(£11 15 0 Tax from Jan. 1st, 1935)
Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass
RILEY (Coventry) LIMITED, COVENTRY.



"OVER THE STICKS!"

HAPPY DAYS . . . and then to the pages of The SPORTING AND DRAMATIC to enjoy them over again. It is all-embracing—The SPORTING AND DRAMATIC—for everybody's sport gets a "show," and you miss a lot of fun if you don't read "From Cocktails to Port."

The year round the Editorial columns—and magnificent pictures culled from every field of sporting activity—are filled with the writings of regular and special contributors whose observations and opinions are accepted as authentic as well as informative.

To make any attempt at describing the entertainment which you must enjoy from reading the SPORTING AND DRAMATIC would be extremely difficult. We therefore content ourselves by suggesting that you order it from your regular newsagent this week or get it at the bookstall on your way home. But we also invite you to read the sporting offer below. If you take advantage of it—as you should—we believe you will want to enjoy the SPORTING AND DRAMATIC every week; and of course, this is a paper you can pass on to friends living near to your home, and overseas.

Contributors to the SPORTING & DRAMATIC include:

ANGLING	*Major Kenneth Dawson. Major J. W. Scigne. Dr. J. C. Mottram. "West Country." Guy C. Pollock. P. D. Malloch.*
BIG GAME	*Sir Alfred Pease, Bart. Brig. Gen. R. G. Burton.*
BLOODSTOCK BREEDING	*Cecil Leveson Gower.*
COUNTRY HOUSE	*Sir Edward Anson, Bart.*
DOGS	*A. Croxton Smith. Leslie Sprake (Gundogs). Colonel Hubert Wilson (Hound Breeding).*
FIELD TRIALS	*Colonel Hubert Wilson.*
GOLF	*"A Roving Player." Miss Eleanor E. Helme. Lt. Colonel Cyril Foley.*
NATURAL HISTORY	*H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S. H. Morrey Salmon. The Marquess of Tavistock. Ian M. Thompson. Captain H. A. Gilbert. Major Anthony Buxton.*
HUNTING	*Sir Charles Frederick, Bart. Sir Alfred Pease, Bart. Major J. Fairfax-Blakeborough D. Livingstone-Learmonth. and the special corps of hunting correspondents.*
RACING	*"Rapier." Cecil Leveson Gower.*
ROWING	*Steve Fairbairn.*
RUGBY	*Captain H. B. T. Wakelam. E. W. Swanton (Public Schools).*
SHOOTING	*Major George Cornwallis West. Patrick Chalmers. Captain J. B. Drought. Richard Clapham. Lt. Colonel Cyril Foley. Leslie Sprake. Edgar Page. Hon. R. P. de Grey. D. J. W. Edwardes. J. C. M. Nichols.*
HOME FARMING	*Hon. James Best. T. B. Goucher.*

The Illustrated SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS

NOV. 9th ISSUE

RACING by "Rapier." Great Schools in Sport—No. 10: CRANLEIGH. Atlantic SEALS at Home. FOXHUNTING with Pen and Ink. The Mecca of Deep Sea ANGLERS. HUNTING Reports. DOGS of the Day. The Art of Field Craft in SHOOTING. BERG'S next Opponent. England's Wildest HUNTING Country. "Fast CARS on Slow Roads" by "Highwayman." COUNTRY House Notebook.

A "SPORTING" OFFER YOU SHOULD TAKE

If you are not a regular reader and would care to write to The Publisher, SPORTING AND DRAMATIC, at the address below, giving him the name and address of your usual newsagent, he will gladly arrange for a copy of a current issue to be delivered to your home free of all charge.

Please address your letter to:

The Publisher, SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.